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Mark Robb

# ARTAXERXES.

AN  
ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is Performed at the  
THEATRES ROYAL  
IN  
DRURY-LANE,

AND  
COVENT - GARDEN.

290122  
19-7-33

The Musick Compos'd by  
THO. AUG. ARNE, Mus. Doc.

---

A NEW EDITION.

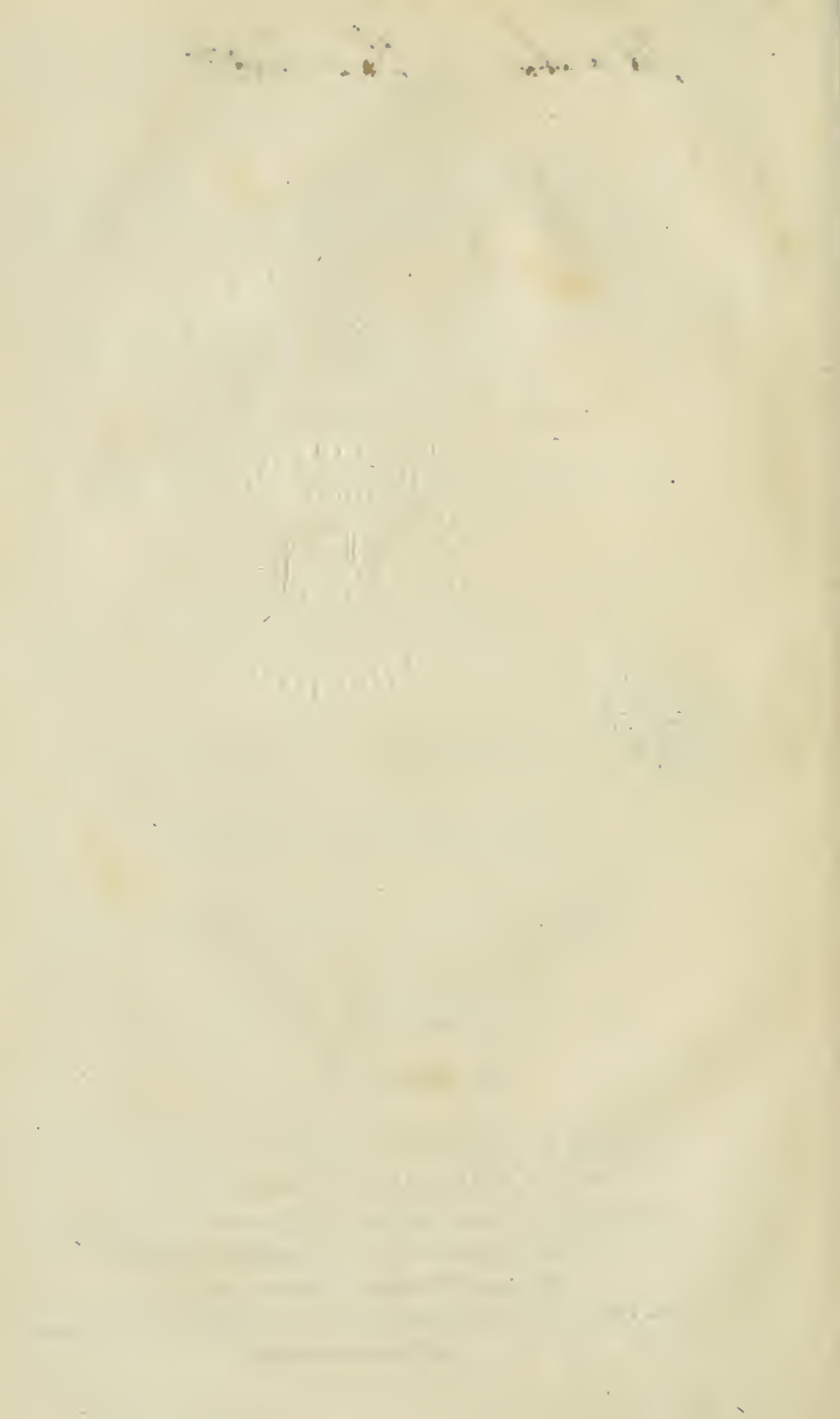
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L O N D O N:

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and W. GRIFFIN, in Catherine Street.

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of such Proceedings.*



# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Reputation of METASTASIO, Author of the following Drama, is too well established in the learned World, to need any Apology for giving the Publick a Translation of *Artaxerxes*, an Opera performed and admired all over *Europe*. But as the narrative Part of this Drama may seem too barren of forcible Epithets, which, in reading or speaking, dignify the Stile, it may be necessary to give Mr. *Dryden's* and Lord *Lansdown's* Sentiments on the Occasion, which exactly correspond with those of our Author. Mr. *Dryden* says,---‘ That no Critic can justly determine the Merit or Difficulty of writing a Poem for Music, till he has been frequently conversant with some skilful Musician, and acquired, by Experience, a Knowledge of what is most proper for Musical Expression :’ And Lord *Lansdown*, in his Preface to the *British Enchanters*, exclaims against that Species of Dramatic Dialogue, which (instead of being free, natural and easy, as Conversation should be) is precise, or formal, arguing *pro* and *con*, like Disputants in a School. He further asks the Question, ‘ Whether in Writing, as in Dress, it is not possible to be too exact, too starch’d, and too formal ?’ and concludes thus---‘ Pleasing Negligence many have seen ; who ever saw pleasing Formality ?’

## P R E F A C E.

*Metastasio*, in his Dialect, seems to affect Simplicity ; and from his great Experience in writing for Music, has given the following Plan for the Poetry of an Opera, *viz.*

That the Fable, or Recitative, to which fixed Musical Sounds are adapted, should be simple Dialect ; hard and dissonant Epithets (though ever so forcible in other Respects) being destructive to Music, and, when sung, for the chief Part, unintelligible. --- That the Similes be confin'd to the Songs ; and that the Words, which are to express them, be as smooth and sonorous as possible, lest the Composer be cramp'd in his Fancy, and the Singers rendered incapable of shewing their Skill, which chiefly consists in openly displaying the Tones of their Voices, or running executive passages.

The Translator of this Opera has no Merit, but from his Endeavour to follow the Author in all these Particulars. He therefore submits this first Attempt of the Kind to the Favour and Indulgence of the Public, not doubting that (if they consider the Difficulty of writing under such Restrictions ; the Necessity of sometimes departing from the Author, on Account of the different Idioms of our Language ; and of leaving out many Beauties in the Narrative Part of the Drama, for the sake of Brevity) they will rather peruse it with an Eye of Favour than Severity.

## The A R G U M E N T.

*Xerxes* King of *Persia*, having been often discomfited by the *Greeks*, his Power began greatly to decline; which *Artabanes*, Commander of the Royal Guards, perceiving, he entertained the Hopes of sacrificing to his Ambition, not only *Xerxes*, but all the Royal Family, and by that Method to ascend the Throne of *Persia*; for which Purpose, availing himself of the Advantage which his Familiarity and Friendship with the King gave him, he entered, at Dead of Night, the Apartment of *Xerxes*, and slew him.

He afterwards so irritated the young Princes against one another, that *Artaxerxes*, one of the said Princes, caused his Brother *Darius* to be slain, believing him the Parricide, by the artful Insinuation of *Artabanes*.

Now nothing was wanting to complete his treasonous Designs but the Death of *Artaxerxes*; which *Artabanes*, having prepared, though by various Accidents delayed, (which furnish the Epifodical Ornaments of this Drama) he could not accomplish it, the Treason being discovered, and *Artaxerxes* preserved: Which Discovery and Preservation form the principal Action of the ensuing Drama.

*Justin. Lib. 3. Cap. 1.*

The Action is represented in and near the Palace of the Kings of *Persia*, in the City of *Susa*.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
ARTAXERXES, Prince and afterwards King of <i>Persia</i> ; Friend to ARBACES, and in Love with SEMIRA,	Mrs. Baddeley.	Mrs. Thompson.
ARTABANES, Generalissimo, and Favourite of the Royal Family; Father to ARBACES and SEMIRA,	Mr. Vernon.	Mr. Mattocks.
ARBACES, Friend of ARTAXERXES, in Love with MANDANE,	Mrs. Forbes.	Mrs. Mattocks.
RIMENES, a General of the Army, and Confident of ARTABANES,	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
MANDANE, Sister to ARTAXERXES, in Love with ARBACES,	Mrs. Arne.	Mrs. Pinto.
SEMIRA, Sister to ARBACES, in Love with ARTAXERXES,	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Baker.

*Nobles, Guards, and Attendants.*

A R T A





# ARTAXERXES.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An inner Garden belonging to the Palace of  
the King of PERSIA. Moon-light.*

MANDANE and ARBACES.

MANDANE.

**S**TILL Silence reigns around, Suspicion sleeps,  
And unperceiv'd you may escape these Walls.

*Arb.* Adieu, my Love; O think on thy *Arbaces*.

*Man.* Yet stay, sweet Youth, a few short Minutes stay.

*Arb.* Ador'd *Mandane*! see the Dawn appears.

D U E T T I N O.

*Fair Aurora, pr'ythee stay;*

*O retard unwelcome Day:*

*Think what Anguish rends my Breast;*

*Thus caressing, thus carest;*

*From the Idol of my Heart*

*Forc'd at thy Approach to part.*

*Arb.*

## 8      A R T A X E R X E S.

*Arb.* Alas, thou know'st that, for my Love to thee,  
The King, great *Xerxes*, thy too rigid Father,  
Has banish'd me the Palace; shou'd he know,  
That, in Defiance of his stern Command,  
I have presum'd to scale this Garden-Wall;  
How little wou'd a Lover's Plea avail,  
When thou, his Daughter, cou'd'st not move his Pity?

*Man.* Thy noble Father, mighty *Artabanes*,  
Disposes at his Will the Heart of *Xerxes*;  
And the young Prince my Brother, *Artaxerxes*,  
Brought up with thee in virtuous Emulation,  
Honours thy Worth and boasts thy valu'd Friendship;  
Their Interest may soften his Resentment.

*Arb.* Weak are their Efforts, while his kingly Pride  
Disdains to rank a Princess with a Subject.

*Man.* My Spirits sink, my Heart forgets to beat,  
I have not Fortitude to bear thy Loss---  
And must we part?--then all good Angels guard thee.

### A I R.

*Adieu, thou lovely Youth;  
Let Hope thy Fears remove;  
Preserve thy Faith and Truth,  
But never doubt my Love.*      [Exit.

### S C E N E II.

*Arb.* O cruel parting! how can I survive?  
Divided thus from all that's sweet and fair,  
From her, for whom alone I live---

*Enter ARTABANES.*

*Art.* Son, *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* My Father!

*Art.* Give me thy Sword.

*Arb.* Sir, I obey.

*Art.* Here take thou mine.

*Arb.* 'Tis drench'd in Blood!

*Art.* Fly, hide it from all Eyes;

*Xerxes*, the King, this daring Arm hath slain.

*Arb.* Forbid it Heav'n!

*Art.* O much lov'd Son!

Thy Treatment was the Spur to my Revenge---  
For thee I'm guilty.

*Arb.* Wou'd I had ne'er been born.

*Art.* Let not weak Scruples thwart my great Design;  
Perhaps *Arbaces* shall be King of *Persia*.

*Arb.* I'm all Confusion---

*Art.* No more---be gone.

*Arb.* O fatal Day---unhappy, lost *Arbaces*.

A I R.

*Amid a thousand racking Woes,  
I pant, I tremble, and I feel  
Cold Blood from ev'ry Vein distill,  
And clog my lab'ring Heart.*

Omitted in  
the Repre-  
sentation. { *I see my Fair one's lost Repose,  
And, O! lament the fatal Curse  
That he who gave me Life cou'd thus  
From Virtue's Laws depart.*

B

S C E N E

## S C E N E   III.

ARTABANES   *Solus.*

Be firm my Heart.---In the Pursuit of Guilt,  
 The first Advance admits not a Retreat :  
 The Royal Blood, to the last hateful Drop,  
 Must then be shed. Conscience, thy Checks are vain---  
 The Prince appears,---now Art's my only Refuge.

*Enter ARTAXERXES, RIMENES, and Guards.*

*Artax.* Dear *Artabanes*, glad I meet thee here ;  
 Thy Prince demands thy Counsel,  
 Thy Royalty---Revenge---

*Art.* I tremble, Sir---  
 This dire Injunction wants an Explanation.

*Artax.* Disastrous Fate---yonder my Father lies  
 Savagely murder'd !

*Art.* Ah ! my ill-boding Fears !  
 Unsated Thirst of Empire !  
 Alas !---Will nothing but a Father's Blood  
 Allay thy Heat, and quench thy raging Fever !

*Artax.* Well I conceive--my faithless cruel Brother  
 -----*Darius*-----

*Artab.* Who but he at Dead of Night could penetrate  
 The Palace ? Who approach the royal Bed ?  
 Nay more, his known Ambition---

*Artax.* O, if here lives a Heart that calls me Friend,  
 Or feels Compassion for his slaughter'd King,  
 Quick let him bring the Traitor to our Presence.

*Art.* That welcome Task be mine---  
 Guards follow me.

[*Going.*  
*Artax.*

*Artax.* Yet stay---

*Darius* is the Son of *Xerxes*.

*Art.* Who kills the Father, is no more a Son.

A I R.

*Behold! on Lethe's dismal Strand*

*Thy Father's troubled Spirit stand!*

*In his Face what Grief profound!*

*See he rolls his haggard Eyes;*

*Hark! Revenge! Revenge he cries;*

*And points to his still bleeding Wound:*

*Obeys the Call, revenge his Death,*

*And calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.* [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*ARTAXERXES* going: *Enter SEMIRA.*

*Sem.* Stay, *Artaxerxes*, stay.

*Artax.* Adieu, *Semira*.

*Sem.* And dost thou fly me? Go then, cruel Prince,  
No more shall ill-tim'd Fondness importune thee.

*Artax.* Beauteous *Semira*, should I longer stay,  
There's such a syren Sweetness in thy Voice,  
'Twould lull me to forget my filial Duty.

*Sem.* Away ungrateful.

A I R.

*Artax.* Fair *Semira*, lovely Maid,

*Cease in Pity to upbraid*

*My oppress'd but constant Heart:*

*Full sufficient are the Woes,*

*Which my cruel Stars impose;*

*Heav'n alas! has done its Part.* [Exit.

## S C E N E   V.

*Sem.* I fear some dread Disaster---Say, *Rimenes*,  
What means this strange confusion in the Prince?

*Rim.* *Xerxes* is slain---  
Suspicion points the Finger at *Darius*;  
And *Artaxerxes* bears a dreadful Conflict  
'Twixt filial Duty to revenge his Father,  
And brotherly Compassion for *Darius*.

*Sem.* O fatal Deed! th' Effect of wild Ambition;  
Heav'n knows if *Artaxerxes*' Life be safe.

*Rim.* Let Fate be busy in destructive Slaughter;  
We, blest with Love, and seated on the Shore,  
Will view the destin'd Shipwreck.

*Sem.* Think not that Love can find a Place to enter,  
When the sad Heart's surrounded with Misfortunes;  
Leave me, *Rimenes*, to my troubled Thoughts.

*Rim.* Your Web of Scorn is not so closely woven,  
But I can see between each subtle Thread;  
Yet, born to Love, undaunted, I'll pursue thee:  
Since Hope inspires my Breast, what you deny,  
Ungrateful Maid! kind Fancy shall supply.

## A I R.

*When real Joy we miss,  
'Tis some Degree of Bliss,  
T' enjoy ideal Pleasure,  
And dream of hidden Treasure.*

*The Soldier dreams of Wars,  
And conquers without Scars;  
The Sailor in his Sleep,  
With Safety ploughs the Deep:*

*So*



*So I, thro' Fancy's Aid,  
 Enjoy my heav'nly Maid,  
 And, blest with thee and Love,  
 Am greater far than Jove.* [Exit.

# SCENE VI.

SEMIRA, *Sola.*

Ye Gods, Protectors of the *Persian* Empire,  
 Preserve my *Artaxerxes*---Yet he blest---  
*Semira's* State is wretched : *Xerxes* dead,  
 This Prince will mount the Throne :  
 Belov'd by me, and rais'd above my Hopes,  
 The Hand which he intreated, when a Subject,  
 When Sov'reign of *Persia* he'll disdain.

# AIR.

*How hard is my Fate,  
 How desp'rate my State,  
 When Virtue and Honour excite,  
 To suffer Distress,  
 Contented to blest,  
 The Object in whom I delight.*

*Yet, midst all the Woes  
 My Soul undergoes,  
 Thro' Virtue's too rigid Decree ;  
 I'll scorn to complain,  
 If the Force of my Pain  
 Awaken his Pity for me.* [Exit.

S C E N E VII.    *The Palace.**Enter* MANDANE.

Where do I fly?---Ah, hapless Maid!---  
 Thus, in one fatal Instant,  
 To lose a Brother, Father, and a Lover!

*Enter* ARTAXERXES.*Artax.* Alas, *Mandane*!*Man.* Does *Darius* live?

Or are thy guilty Hands  
 Imbru'd in Brother's Blood?

*Artax.* Fain wou'd I shun that Deed,  
 Which to prevent, I've search'd throughout the Palace  
 For *Artabanes* and *Darius*---  
 But all in vain---

*Man.* See *Artabanes* comes.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter* ARTABANES.*Artax.* My Friend!*Art.* I fought you, Sir---All is accomplish'd.*Artax.* Ha! speak, explain.

*Art.* Your Father's Death's reveng'd,  
*Darius* slain, and *Artaxerxes* now  
 Is *Persia's* King.

*Artax.* O Gods!*Man.* O dire Misfortune!

*Art.* Why that deep Sigh, my Liege? 'twas  
 your Command.

*Artax.*



*Artax.* Alas ! 'tis true, the Guilt is only mine.

*Art.* What Guilt, my Sovereign ?

'Twas merely Justice to your murther'd Father.

Take Comfort, Sir ;

And think, that in *Darius'* Death,

A wicked bloody Parricide is punish'd.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter SEMIRA.*

*Sem.* O *Artaxerxes* !

*Artax.* Say, fair *Semira*, why this seeming Joy ?

*Sem.* *Darius* is not guilty of the Murder.

*Man.* What do I hear ?

*Artax.* I'm struck with double Horror.

*Sem.* Th' Assassin is secur'd.

*Artax.* O quick, proceed.

*Sem.* Your watchful Centinels, when he had leap'd  
The Garden-Wall, o'ertook him as he fled.

His deep Confusion, palid Countenance,  
And Sword yet reeking with the Crimson Blood,  
Strongly proclaim him guilty.

*Artax.* But the Name ?

*Sem.* At my Request to know it,  
All hung their Heads in Silence.

*Art.* Alas, it is my Son. [*Aside.*

*Artax.* Must *Artaxerxes* then ascend the Throne,  
Distain'd with Brother's Blood ?

O, I shall never taste of Peace again.---

Quick, bring this Traitor ; that unbounded Rage  
May execute the Vengeance he deserves.---

Hold

Hold, *Artabanes* ; dear *Mandane*, stay---

*Semira*, leave me not in this Distress.---

Where is my Friend *Arbaces* ?

*Artab.* He was forbid the Court by royal *Xerxes*,  
For his presumptuous Love of fair *Mandane*.

*Artax.* Fly, bring him to my Arms---I here  
absolve him.

## S C E N E    X.

*Enter RIMENES with ARBACES Prisoner.*

*Rim.* Who in this Royal Presence would believe  
*Arbaces* to be guilty ?

*Artab.* How !

*Artax.* My Friend !

*Artab.* My Son !

*Sem.* My Brother !

*Man.* Oh, ye Gods ! my Lover !

*Artax.* Wou'd in the Pangs of Death I'd met  
my Friend,

Rather than thus in Fetters like a Traitor.

*Arb.* I'm innocent.

*Artax.* O, make but that appear,  
And doubly 'twill endear thee to my Love.

*Arb.* I am not guilty, that's my only Plea.

*Artab.* This prudent Caution answer to my Wish.  
[*Aside.*

*Man.* But your Resentment 'gainst the King---

*Arb.* Was just.

*Artax.* Didst thou not fly ?

*Arb.* I did.

*Man.* This thy Reserve---

*Arb.* Is requisite.

*Artax.*

*Artax.* And thy down-cast Confusion---

*Arb.* Is suited to th' Occasion.

*Rim.* This bloody Sword--- [Shewing it.

*Arb.* Was in the Scabbard, when you took me Prisoner.

*Artab.* And can't thou yet deny the cruel Deed?

*Arb.* Great Sir, I still assert my Innocence.

*Artab.* Audacious Boy! thus obstinate in Ill,  
Thy Sight's my Torment, and this Deed my Shame.

*Arb.* And does my Father join in my Destruction!

A I R.

*Artab.* Thy Father! away, I renounce the soft Claim;  
Thou Spot on my Honour, thou Blast to my Fame,  
Let Justice the Traitor to Punishment bring;  
His Father be lost, when he murder'd his King.  
[Exit.

## S C E N E XI.

*Arb.* Ye cruel Gods, what Crime have I committed  
To draw relentless Vengeance on my Head?---  
*Semira!* Sister! hear me with Compassion.

A I R.

*Sem.* Acquit thee of this foul Offence,  
Return with spotless Innocence;  
Then shall my hapless Brother see,  
That never Sister lov'd like me. [Exit.

## S C E N E XII.

*Arb.* Appearance, I must own, is strong against me;  
But Truth is on my Side---I'm innocent.

C

*Artax.*

*Artax.* Pray Heav'n thou may'st; but till the  
Law decide

You must remain a Prisoner. [Exit.

*Arb.* Ah, dear *Rimenes*, pity my hard Fate---  
My Friend!

*Rim.* I am no Traitor's Friend---Adieu. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XIII.

*Arb.* Beauteous *Mandane*, turn at leaft and hear me.

*Man.* Away ! you sue in vain. [Going.

*Arb.* O stay, I charge thee---

Think on thy former Love.

*Man.* 'Tis turn'd to Hate.

*Arb.* And you believe me guilty?

*Man.* I am convinc'd.

AIR.

Arb. *O too lovely, too unkind,  
If my Lips no Credit find,  
Pierce my Breast, my Heart shall prove  
Strong in Virtue, firm in Love ;  
Guiltless, wretched, left forlorn,  
And worse than murder'd by thy Scorn.*  
[Exit guarded.]

S C E N E XIV.

MANDANE *Sola.*

*Recitative accompanied.*

Dear and beloved Shade of my dead Father,  
Thee I invoke to spirit up my Rage,  
Left fond Credulity too strongly plead,

And

And turn my Purpose from a just Revenge;  
 For, Oh, I feel the Tyrant Love within,  
 He rends my Breast, he struggles for *Arbaces* ;  
 Help me, kind Gods, to tear away his Image.

A I R.

*Fly, soft Ideas, fly ;  
 That neither Tear nor Sigh  
 My Virtue may betray :  
 Nature's great Call,  
 That governs all,  
 A Daughter must obey.  
 Alas, my Soul denies  
 To bear Revenge's Cries !  
 Dare not, fond Heart,  
 To take his Part,  
 But drive his Form away.* [Exit.

*The End of the First Act.*

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The Royal Apartments.**Enter ARTAXERXES and ARTABANES.*

ARTAXERXES.

**G**UARDS, speed ye to the Tower,  
And instantly conduct *Arbaces* to me.

*Artab.* Good my Lord,  
Think not the partial Fondness of a Father  
Has urg'd this Counsel.

*Artax.* No ; 'tis Justice dictates ;  
He still persists that he is innocent,  
And his fair Truth was ne'er till now suspected ;  
I will withdraw.---  
O, reconcile the Safety of your Son,  
With your King's Peace, and the Honour of his  
Throne.

A I R.

*In Infancy our Hopes and Fears,  
Were to each other known ;  
And Friendship in our riper Years,  
Has twin'd our Hearts in one.  
O clear him then from this Offence,  
Thy Love, thy Duty prove ;  
Restore him with that Innocence,  
Which first inspir'd my Love.*     [Exit.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

*Artab.* So far my great Resolve succeeds.  
Approach, *Arbaces*.

*Enter ARBACES and Guards.*

And you his Guards, in the next Chamber wait.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

*Arb.* My Father!

*Artab.* Ever watchful to preserve thee,  
I artfully have gain'd from *Artaxerxes*  
The Liberty to question thee :  
Take then this fortunate Occasion,  
And, by a secret Way, which I will shew thee,  
Delude the Guards, and fly.

*Arb.* Sir, my Escape  
Wou'd rise in Evidence to prove me guilty.

*Artab.* 'Tis Folly all ! I give thee Liberty ;  
From the King's Wrath I snatch thee ; and, perhaps,  
The publick Voice shall call thee to the Throne.

*Arb.* What said you, Sir ?

*Artab.* Long have you known  
The People's Hatred to the Royal Blood :  
Away.

The Sight of you will fire the mut'nous Troops :  
Whose Leaders to your Interest are sworn.

*Arb.* I turn a Rebel ! Horror's in the Thought--  
Your Pardon, Sir ;---Is this a Father's Counsel ?  
Guards, enter quick, bring me again my Chains---  
Conduct me to my Prison.

*Artab.* I burn with Rage.

*Arb.* Yet calm this Transport---think on my  
Affliction.

Sir--Father---turn---O grant one kind Adieu.

*Artab.* Unworthy Boy ! I'm deaf to thy Request.

## A I R.

Arb.     *Disdainful you fly me,  
               In Anger exclaim;  
 All Comfort deny me,  
               And murder my Fame.*

*No Grief can the Heart  
               To Pity incline,  
 That bears not a Part  
               In Sorrow like mine.*

*Nature's tender Plea is vain;  
 Welcome then my Chains again.*

*O Rigour unjust!  
 O Counsel accurst!  
 Ambition ill-plac'd,  
 My Virtue disgrac'd;  
 The Pains I endure,  
 Death only can cure.*

*Disdainful you fly me,  
               In Anger exclaim;  
 All Comfort deny me,  
               And murder my Fame.*

*No Grief can the Heart  
               To Pity incline,  
 That bears not a Part  
               In Sorrow like mine.*

*Nature's tender Plea is vain;  
 Welcome then my Chains again.*

*Exit, with the Guards.*



S C E N E III.

*Enter* R I M E N E S.

*Rim.* Why, my dear Friend, so pensive, so inactive?

*Artab.* My wayward Son, that Bar to my Ambition,  
At once rejects both Liberty and Crown.

*Rim.* Let us away, and force him from the Tower.

*Artab.* The present Time may better be employ'd,  
If *Artaxerxes* perish by our Hands.---

Let not my Friend betray me.

*Rim.* I, my Lord!

Forbid it Gratitude! my abject State

Cast me below the Notice of Mankind,

'Till your great Pow'r exalted me to Honour.

*Artab.* Small Recompence for thy good Services:  
But should kind Fortune smile on this Attempt,  
Then judge if *Artabanes* loves his Friend.

*Rim.* My Hand, my Heart, are guided by your Will.

*Artab.* I have observ'd thy Passion for *Semira*---  
Spare thy Confusion; and let this great Instance  
Prove my Esteem---*Semira* shall be thine.

*Rim.* Thanks, gracious Sir, my Joy is past Ex-  
pression.

*Artab.* Come hither, Daughter. [*Seeing Semira.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter* S E M I R A.

In this valiant Chief

Behold thy Lord and Husband.

*Sem.* Cruel Sound!

O Sir,

24 A R T A X E R X E S.

O Sir, reflect---Is this a Time for Nuptials,  
When my unhappy Brother---

*Artab.* Peace, no more.---

'Tis my Command---reply not, but obey. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

*Sem.* I tremble---hear me, Sir---O, if you love me,  
Prevent this Marriage.

*Rim.* Sure *Semira* mocks me?

*Sem.* Tho', by Constraint, you seize my help-  
less Hand,

My Heart disdains the brutal Violence.

*Rim.* Give me thy Beauty, and reserve thy Heart;  
Thou keep'st the worst, I gain the better part.

A I R.

*To sigh and complain,  
Alike I disdain,  
Contented my Wish to enjoy;  
I scorn to reflect  
On a Lady's Neglect,  
Or barter my Peace for a Toy,*

*In Love, as in War,  
I laugh at a Scar,  
And, if my proud Enemy yield,  
The Joy that remains  
Is to lead her in Chains,  
And glean the rich Spoils of the Field.* [*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

*Sem.* How many Links to dire Misfortune's Chain  
Are woven in one Day !

*Enter MANDANE.*

Stay, dear *Mandane*---

Why this Haste ?

*Man.* I attend the Council.

*Sem.* I'll too attend, if ought within my Power  
May help my Brother.

*Man.* Our Views are different; thou desir'st to  
save him;

I seek his Death.

*Sem.* Is this a Language for *Arbaces'* Lover ?

*Man.* It well becomes the Daughter of dead *Xerxes*.

*Sem.* Away, thou cruel Maid !

Enforce his Crime, and urge his speedy Death.

But first prepare your Heart, and quite erase

The soft Remembrance of your former Passion,

The tender Hopes and Fears, warm Vows of Truth,

Fond Sighs exchang'd, and, last, the sweet Idea

Of that dear Form, which first inspir'd your Love.

*Man.* Ah barbarous *Semira* ! thus to wake  
My guilty Pity; Rebel to my Duty.

A I R.

*If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love,*

*A Conquest I believ'd;*

*The flatt'ring Error cease to prove,*

*O let me be deceiv'd.*

D

*Forbear*

*Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,  
Which Love did first create ;  
What was my Pride is now my Shame,  
And must be turn'd to Hate.*

*Then call not to my wav'ring Mind,  
The Weakness of my Heart ;  
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd  
To take the Traitor's Part.*     [Exit.

## S C E N E   V I I .

S E M I R A   *Sola.*

Which fatal Evil shall I first oppose ?  
My Princess, Brother, this detested Lover,  
The King, my Father, all are Enemies ;  
And each attacks me in some tender Part :  
While I exert my Pow'r against the one,  
The others rush on my defenceless Breast.

A I R.

*If the River's swelling Waves  
Overflow their usual Bed ;  
Scarce th' affrighted Peasant saves  
From the Flood his homely Shed.*

*Tho' he stop one open Shore,  
Where the Waters swiftly glide,  
In an hundred Places more,  
Rushes in th' impetuous Tide.*     [Exit.

## S C E N E VIII.

*A Hall of Royal Council, with a Throne, Seats on the Sides for the Grandees of the Kingdom, a small Table and Chair on the right Hand of the Throne, Artaxerxes, preceded by Guards, afterwards by the Nobles, followed by Mandane, Semira, Artabanes and Rimenes.*

*Artax.* Ye solid Pillars of the *Persian* Empire,  
Behold me fated to sustain the Cares  
Of my paternal Throne, and much I'm griev'd  
That my lov'd Father's Death so heavy lies  
Upon my absent Friend; but since *Arbaces*  
Denies this Accusation, let the Father,  
Whose Virtues have endear'd him to our Favour,  
Be the Son's Judge, to cast him or acquit him;  
In him is vested all our regal Power.

*Man.* In him! does Friendship so prevail o'er Duty?

*Artax.* Not so, *Mandane*, for his loyal Father  
Has double Reason for Severity:  
I ought to vindicate the Death of *Xerxes*;  
But if *Arbaces* be the Criminal,  
His Father, with more Rigour, will revenge  
His Monarch's Death, and his own publick Shame.

*Artab.* Ah, Sir, what Trial!--

*Artax.* Worthy of thy Virtue---  
If any think me partial, let him speak.

*Rim.* This Silence is a gen'ral Approbation.

*Sem.* My Brother comes.

*Man.* Ah me!

*Artax.* Give your Attention

[*Ascends the Throne, the Grandees sit.*]

*Man.* (*aside.*) Now Prudence guide the Reins of  
my Affection.

Cease, busy Heart, to flutter in my Breast.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter ARBACES, in Chains, guarded.*

*Arb.* Am I so much the Hatred of all *Persia*,  
That it unites to witness my Misfortune?  
My Sovereign!

*Artax.* O *Arbaces*, call me Friend!  
For till thy Crime is prov'd, that Title's mine;  
But, as a Name so tender ill becomes  
Th' impartial Judge, thy most unhappy Cause  
I have assign'd to worthy *Artabanes*.

*Arb.* My Father Judge!

*Artax.* Yes he.

*Arb.* I'm chill'd with Horror.

*Artab.* *Arbaces*, in this Presence thou appear'st  
To be the Murderer of Royal *Xerxes*.  
The Circumstances urg'd are these---  
That thou hast entertain'd presumptuous Love  
Of this most honour'd Princess;  
For which, by *Xerxes* banish'd from the Court,  
You sought Revenge, and found it in his Death.

*Arb.* Nay more, the bloody Sword, the Time,  
the Place,  
And Flight, conspire to fix the Guilt on me,  
And yet my Heart is free; ---I'm innocent.

*Artab.*



*Artab.* Demonstrate that, and so appease the Wrath  
Of this offended Princess.

*Arb.* Ah! forbear;---

If you would have me with a steady Mind,  
Support my Sufferings; make not th' Assault  
In such a tender Part.---Barbarous Father!

*Artab.* Rash young Man, be silent.  
Consider where thou art, and who attends thee.

*Man.* Be still, my beating Heart. [*Aside.*

*Artax.* But this thy Crime  
Requires Defence, or a sincere Repentance.

*Arb.* My King, I find no Crime to be defended,  
Nor Motive for Repentance: That's my Answer.

*Artab.* O filial Love! [*Aside.*

*Man.* Whether he plead or not,  
He equally is guilty.---Where is Justice?

Is this the Father that should vindicate  
His murder'd King, and his own publick Shame?

*Arb.* Cruel *Mandane*! does thy Voice condemn me?

*Man.* Bear up, my Heart. [*Aside.*

*Artab.* Your just Resentment, Princess!

Spurs on my lazy Virtue.---

Let *Persia* then, in *Artabanes*' Rigour,  
Record his Justice and his Loyalty.---[*Takes the Pen.*

My Son I here condemn--- [*Signs.*] *Arbaces* dies.

*Man.* Oh Gods!

*Artax.* Suspend a while, the rash Decree.

[*Artabanes rises, and gives the Paper  
to Artaxerxes.*

*Artab.* 'Tis sign'd, my Liege---I have fulfill'd  
my Duty.

*Artax.* Unnatural Sentence!

*Scm.*

*Sem.* O inhuman Father.

*Man.* Alas, my Tears betray me.

*Arb.* Weeps *Mandane*

In Pity of my cruel Destiny ?

*Man.* Pleasure may start a Tear, as well as Grief.

*Artab.* Now I have finish'd the stern Judge's Part,  
Permit, O King, the Feelings of a Father.

Pardon, my Son, th' Effect of Tyrant Duty;  
Suffer with Patience, and remember this,  
The worst of ev'ry Evil is the Fear.

*Arb.* My Patience, Sir, begins at last to leave me:

Omitted. { In View o'th' World, to find myself expos'd  
A seeming guilty Object ; all my Hopes  
Cut off i'th' Bloom, the Morn of Life my End ;  
Hated by *Persia*, by my King,  
And her whom I adore : to know that you,  
Barbarous Father,---(Ah, I lose myself !)

Adieu.---

[*Going.*

*Artab.* I freeze.

[*Aside.*

*Man.* I die.

*Arb.* Stay, rash *Arbaces*!

[*Returning.*

Where wouldst thou go? Ah, Sir, forgive your Son;  
Behold me at your Feet---

Excuse the Transports of my frantick Grief ;  
Shed all my Blood, 'tis yours,---I'll not complain ;  
But kiss the honour'd Hand that sign'd my Death.

*Artab.* Enough, O rise---

Thou haft but too much Reason to lament :

But know---(O Gods!)---Take one Embrace,  
and part.



## A I R.

Arb. *By that belov'd Embrace,  
 By this my fond Adieu,  
 Deplore my hapless Case,  
 Condemn'd, alas! for you.  
 Appease my Love, my Truth commend,  
 Yourself preserve, my King defend.  
 My Sentence I obey,  
 To filial Duty true;  
 And scarce have Pow'r to say  
 A long and last Adieu!* [Exit guarded.

## S C E N E X.

*Man.* Ah me! at poor *Arbaces'* parting  
 I feel the Stroke of Death.  
*Artab.* I hope, *Mandane's* Wrath will now subside;  
 For I have sacrific'd my only Son,  
 To satisfy her Vengeance.  
*Man.* Savage, no more---  
 Avoid my Presence; dare not to view the Light  
 Of Sun or Stars; but hide thy cruel Head  
 Within the deepest Bowels of the Earth.  
*Artab.* Is then my virtue---  
*Man.* Silence, Inhuman!  
*Artab.* Did not *Mandane's* Rage excite my Justice?  
*Man.* The Daughter ought to vindicate the Father;  
 But thou, a Father, shoud'st have sav'd thy Son.

A I R.

## A I R.

*Monster, away !  
 From chearful Day,  
 To the gloomy Desert fly :  
 Paths explore,  
 Where Lions roar,  
 And devouring Tygers lie.  
 Tho' for Food,  
 They wade in Blood,  
 All to save their Young agree :  
 Ev'ry Creature,  
 Fierce by Nature,  
 Harmless is compar'd to thee.*

[Exit.]

## S C E N E XI.

*Artax.* See, lov'd *Semira* !  
 How Heav'n conspires the Ruin of *Arbaces*.

*Sem.* Inhuman Tyrant !  
 You first destroy your Friend,  
 And then bewail him.

*Artax.* I, to thy Father's Will, his Life committed ;  
 How was I then a Tyrant ?  
 All *Persia* knows my Friendship for *Arbaces*,  
 And faithful Love to thee.

*Sem.* I thought you once  
 A tender Lover and a gen'rous Friend ;  
 But in one Instant you have prov'd yourself  
 In Friendship false, and treacherous in Love.

A I R.

A I R.

*This Bosom, a Stranger to Rest,  
Resentment and Pity assail;  
As both for Dominion contest,  
So both, to my Sorrow prevail:*

*My Heart, in this desperate State,  
To give each Assailant its Due,  
Now bleeds for my Brother's hard Fate,  
And burns with Resentment to you. [Exit.]*

S C E N E XII.

*Artax. O Artabanes !*

*Artab. Lament not, Sir, but leave Complaints to me;  
I am the most unhappy of Mankind.*

*Artax. Thy Woe must needs be great,  
When mine is insupportable. [Exit.]*

S C E N E XIII.

A R T A B A N E S *Solus.*

*Recitative accompanied.*

At length my Soul has Room t' indulge its Grief---  
What racking Thoughts surround the guilty Breast---  
O my dear Son forgive the piercing Woes,  
Which my foul Deeds inflict upon thy Youth ;  
I come to save thee from the Jaws of Death,  
And pay thy Virtues with a kingly Throne.

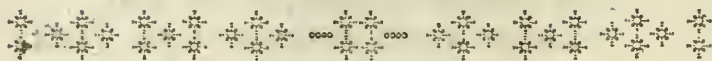
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A I R.

## A I R.

*Thou, like the glorious Sun,  
 Thy splendid Course shall run :  
 What tho' the Night  
 Obscure his Light,  
 When prison'd in the West ;  
 The Day returns,  
 Again he burns,  
 The God of Day confest.*

[Exit.



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A Prison.*

ARBACES, in a melancholy Posture.

## A R I E T T A.

*W*HY is Death for ever late,  
 To conclude a Wretch's Woe ;  
 Those who live in happy State,  
 Feel too soon th' untimely Blow.

*Enter ARTAXERXES.*

*Artax. Arbaces !*

*Arb.* Gracious Heav'n, what's this I see !  
 Does royal *Artaxerxes* deign to visit  
 The Wretch *Arbaces* in this horrid Gloom !

*Artax.* Pity and Friendship brought me here to  
 save thee.

*Arb.* To save me !

*Artax.*

*Artax.* Yes. That secret Passage leads  
To Life and Liberty; then quickly fly---  
Remember *Artaxerxes*, and be happy.

*Arb.* Your Pardon, Sir, the World esteems me guilty--  
Then let me die; your Honour, Sir, requires it.  
Happy my Exit, having once preserv'd  
My Sov'reign's Life, and now his spotless Honour.

*Artax.* Such noble Sentiments can ne'er proceed  
From guilty Minds---Belov'd *Arbaces*, fly---  
As Friend I beg thee to preserve thyself;  
But if that fails---as Sovereign I command thee.

*Arb.* In Gratitude to thy exalted Friendship,  
I'll quit this Scene of Horror and Despair.  
But Oh! thus exil'd, I shall only fly,  
Restless to tread the Paths of Misery.

A I R.

*Water parted from the Sea,  
May increase the River's Tide;  
To the bubbling Fount may flee,  
Or thro' fertile Vallies glide:  
Yet in search of lost Repose,  
Doom'd like me, forlorn to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Till it reach its native Home.*

[Exit.

## S C E N E II.

ARTAXERXES *Solus.*

That Front, secure in conscious Innocence,  
Defies the Charge of Guilt: Affliction's Veil  
Can never quite eclipse the inward Light,  
That from a noble Soul darts forth its Rays,  
When in the Countenance the Heart is seen.

E 2

A I R.

## A I R.

*Tho' oft a Cloud, with envious Shade,  
 Conceals the Face of Day;  
 The Sun is still in Flames array'd,  
 His Beams immortal, not decay'd:  
 Soon the gloomy Veil retires;  
 He parts each pow'rful Ray,  
 And Light and Heat expires.*     [Exit.

## S C E N E     I I I.

*Enter ARTABANES, with a Train of Conspirators.*

My Son, *Arbaces*---Where art thou retir'd?---  
 Sure he should hear my Voice--what ho--*Arbaces!*--  
 O Heav'n--Guards, watch the Entrance of the Prison,  
 Till I can find my Son.     [Exit.

*Enter R I M E N E S.*

*Rim.* Not yet arriv'd!---  
 Sir, *Artabanes!*     [Exit.

*Re-enter ARTABANES.*

*Artab.* O unhappy Father!  
 My Son I seek in vain---my Blood grows chill;  
 I fear---I doubt---perhaps in---

*Re-enter R I M E N E S.*

*Rim.* *Artabanes!*

*Artab.* Where is *Arbaces?*

*Rim.* Is he not with you?

*Artab.* O cruel Gods! th' Unfortunatè has perish'd.  
*Rim.*



*Rim.* Suspicion always borders on Extremes ;  
And might not *Artaxerxes* or *Mandane*,  
The Friend or Lover, have procur'd his Flight ?  
What strange Delay is this !---let's to our Task ;  
Behold the Way that leads us to the Palace.

*Artab.* And what great Enterprize shall I accomplish,  
My Son being lost ?

*Rim.* What, have you then, for nought,  
Secur'd the Royal Guards, and I, the Troops ?  
Determine, Sir ; this Instant *Artaxerxes*  
Prepares to take the Coronation Oath ;  
The sacred Cup is by your Order poison'd :  
And shall we then so basely---

*Artab.* O my Friend !  
*Arbaces* lost, for whom shou'd I engage ?

*Rim.* Thy Son *Arbaces* from thy Hand expects  
The Throne, if living ; and if dead, Revenge.

*Artab.* That, that alone recalls my fleeting Spirit ;  
Lead on, kind Friend ; my Fate depends on thee.

*Rim.* I'll lead thee on to joyful Victory.

# A I R.

*O let the Danger of a Son  
Excite vindictive Ire ;  
The Prospect of a Kingdom won  
Should light Ambition's Fire.*

*To wounded Minds, Revenge is Balm,  
With Vigour they engage ;  
And sacrifice a pleasing Calm,  
To a more pleasing Rage.*

[Exit.  
S C E N E



## S C E N E   I V.

ARTABANES   *Solus.**Recitative accompanied.*

Ye adverse Gods ! y'ave found the only Way  
 To quell my vast Ambition ; perplexing Doubt,  
 Whether my Son yet lives, awakens Fear ;  
 And the dire Image of Despair starts up,  
 Unnerves my Arm, and checks my daring Soul.

A I R.

*O much lov'd Son, if Death  
 Has stol'n thy vital Breath,  
     I'll share thy hapless Fate ;  
 But ere the Dagger drinks my Blood,  
 A murder'd King, at Lethe's Flood,  
     The Tidings shall relate.*

*Bid Charon cease from Toil,  
     And rest upon his Oar,  
 Till I attain the happy Soil,  
     Where we shall part no more.*     [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

M A N D A N E ' s *Apartment.*

*Enter* M A N D A N E *and* S E M I R A .

*Man.* Perhaps the King releas'd *Arbaces*.

*Sem.* No---rather destroy'd him.

*Man.* How !

*Sem.* 'Tis known to all ;

In secret he resign'd his wretched Life.

*Man.* Oh hapless Youth ! O Tidings worse than Death !

*Sem.* I hope your Vengeance now is satisfy'd---  
Or wou'd you other Victims ?---Speak.

*Man.* I cannot ;

Light Cares are ever soften'd by Complaint :

But such as mine, arrest the Pow'r of Speech.

*Sem.* Ne'er liv'd a Heart more lost to Sense of Pity.

All Eyes in *Persia* wail his hapless Fate ;

But yours are dry.

*Man.* The deeper my Affliction :

Small is the Grief that vents itself in Tears.

*Sem.* Go, if not satisfy'd, and feast your Eyes

Upon the slaughter'd Spoils of my dear Brother :

With secret Joy, number his bloody Wounds.

*Man.* Be silent---leave me.

*Sem.* Never ; while thou liv'st,

I'll haunt thee like a Spirit, and my Wrongs

Shall dash thy Hopes with Bitterness and Woe.

*Man.* You think me cruel, and denounce Revenge--

Ah ! how have I deserv'd thy Enmity ?

A I R.

## A I R.

*Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer Claim remove ;  
 Spare a Heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.*

*Each ungentle Thought suspending,  
 Judge of mine, by thy soft Breast ;  
 Nor with Rancour, never ending,  
 Heap fresh Sorrows on th' oppress'd.*

*Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer Claim remove ;  
 Spare a Heart that's now expiring,  
 Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.*

*Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has crost,  
 Ne'er my wretched State can mend ;  
 I, alas ! at once have lost,  
 Father, Brother, Lover, Friend.  
 Let not Rage, &c.* [Exit.]

## S C E N E VI.

SEMIRA, *Sola.*

What have I done ! Alas, I vainly thought,  
 Dividing Grief, to lessen my Affliction ;  
 These cruel Insults, vented on *Mandane*,  
 Have pierc'd her Breast, and not reliev'd my own.

A I R.

*'Tis not true, that in our Grief,  
Others weeping in Distress,  
To our Troubles bring Relief,  
Making each Misfortune less.*

*No, when sore oppress'd by Fate,  
Better 'tis to sigh alone,  
Than support a double Weight,  
Others Sorrows, and our own.*

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter A R B A C E S.*

*Arb.* Nor here my searching Eyes can find *Mandane*.  
Fain wou'd my Heart, before eternal Exile,  
Indulge its Fondness with a last Adieu.  
Perhaps, this Way---but whither do I wander?  
Rash Man---O heav'nly Pow'rs behold her there!  
My Spirits fail me---yet I'll speak---*Mandane*!

*Enter M A N D A N E.*

*Man.* Ye Pow'rs! *Arbaces*! and at Liberty!

*Arb.* A friendly Hand unlock'd my cruel Fetters.

*Man.* Ah! fly, begone.

*Arb.* How can I part, for ever, from such Beauty?

*Man.* Perfidious Traitor! what woud'st thou  
with me?

*Arb.* Am I no longer dear to my *Mandane*?

*Man.* Thou art become the Object of my Hate.

*Arb.* Barbarous Maid! My Death shall end thy Scorn.  
I fly to meet my Fate---Adieu---for ever. [Going.

F

*Man-*

*Man.* Hear me, *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* Ha ! what Torture more ?

*Man.* I cannot speak.

*Arb.* O Heav'n !

*Man.* Fly, save thyself.

*Arb.* What means my Princess ?--- this returning  
Pity---

*Man.* Does not arise from Love----but fly----  
and live.

### D U E T T O.

*Arb.*    *For thee I live, my dearest ;*  
          *But if I meet Disdain,*  
          *For thee, my Dear, I'll die.*

*Man.*    *How lovely thou appearest,*  
          *My Blushes will explain.*  
          *I can no more reply.*

*Arb.*    *Then hear me.*

*Man.*    *No.*

*Arb.*    *Thou art---*

*Man.*    *Divide not thus my Heart ;*  
          *Leave me---In Pity go.*

*Both.*    *Ye Gods that torture so,*  
          *Some timely Respite send ;*  
          *When will your Rigour end ?*

[Exeunt, different Ways.]

### S C E N E    V I I I.

*A Temple, and Throne, with a Crown and Scepter ;*  
*the Image of the Sun, with a lighted Altar.*

ARTAXERXES, ARTABANES, Nobles, &c.

*Artax.* To you, my People, much belov'd, I offer  
Myself, not less a Father, than a King :

Your native Rights, your Customs, and your Laws,  
With jealous Care I ever will maintain,  
And raise up Treasure in my People's Hearts.

*Artab.* Here is the sacred Cup---  
Your solemn Oath must bind the lasting Tye;  
Fulfil th' accustom'd Rites---and drink thy Death.  
[*Aside.*

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Artax.* Resplendent God! by whom sweet *April*  
blooms,  
Thou genial beam, that warms us and enlightens,  
Look awful down; and if my treach'rous Lips  
Have utter'd Falshood, may this wholesome Draught  
Change, as it passes, into deadly Poison.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter SEMIRA hastily.*

*Sem.* Fly quick, my Liege; thousands of rebel Troops  
Surround the Palace, by *Rimenes* led;  
Your Death is plotted, and your Guards corrupted.

*Artax.* O Gods!---

*Artab.* What fear you, Sir? My single Presence  
Shall quell this Tumult, and protect my King.

*Artax.* Away, my Friend, to Victory or Death.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter MANDANE.*

*Man.* Hold, Brother, the rebellious Crew are fled.

*Artax.* Say how, *Mandane*?

*Man.* Led by false *Rimenes*,  
They forc'd the Gates, and enter'd, when *Arbaces*



Departing to eternal Banishment,  
 His single Breast oppos'd, and swore to die  
 In his great Master's Cause: All dropp'd their Arms,  
 Except that daring Rebel at their Head;  
 On him *Arbaces* like a Lion flew,  
 Clovethro' his Helmet, slew him, and reveng'd thee.

*Artax.* Where's my Preserver---bring him to my  
 Arms.      [*Exeunt Officers, with Guards.*]  
 He murder *Xerxes*! Impious Supposition!

*Man.* My Heart respire!

*Sem.* O loyal Brother!

*Man.* Valour suppress'd, now springs again to Glory.

## A I R.

*The Soldier, tir'd of War's Alarms,  
 Forswears the Clang of hostile Arms,  
 And scorns the Spear and Shield:  
 But if the brazen Trumpet sound,  
 He burns with Conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the Field.*

S C E N E    *the Last.*

*Enter ARTABANES and ARBACES.*

*Arb.* Behold, my King, *Arbaces* at thy Feet.

*Artax.* O still my Friend! come to my grateful  
 Breast.

*Man.* Yet that my Brother may with better Grace  
 Reward this Deed, and satisfy the People,  
 Some Reason give us for the bloody Sword,  
 Thy tim'rous Flight, and all that wak'd Suspicion.

*Arb.*



*Arb.* If Deeds, not Words, proclaim a loyal Heart,  
Permit me to be silent---I am innocent.

*Artax.* Confirm it with a solemn Imprecation,  
And of a Truth, as *Persia's* Law prescribes,  
That Vessel drain'd shall be the sacred Pledge.

*Arb.* I am prepar'd.

*Artab.* O cruel Gods! if my Son drinks he's poison'd.

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Arb.* Resplendent God, by whom sweet *April*  
blooms,

Thou genial Beam that warms us and enlightens!

*Artab.* (*Aside*) O wretched Father!

*Arb.* If my treach'rous Lips,  
Have utter'd Falshood, may this wholesome Draught  
Change, as it passes, into---

*Artab.* Hold, 'tis Poison.

*Artax.* What Fury urg'd thee to so vile a Deed?

*Artab.* Away, Disguise, the Draught was meant  
for thee;

But my paternal Fondness has betrayed me.

I murder'd *Xerxes*; and, to gain the Throne,

Wou'd have destroy'd thee too.

*Artax.* Wretch, thou shalt die.

*Arb.* Then I disdain to live.

*Artax.* *Mandane* shall reward thy spotless Virtue;

And thy fair Sister shall partake our Throne:

But for that Traitor---

*Arb.* I will die for him:

My Blood is his, and shall atone his Crimes.

*Artax.* Thy Loyalty and Virtue, injur'd Youth,  
Shall change his Sentence into Banishment:

Make no Reply, his Exile is for Life.

*Man-*

*Man.* Sure Heav'n inspir'd the merciful Decree  
*Arbaces* and *Semira* must approve it :  
 Tho' for his Crimes the Father justly suffers,  
 His Life is spar'd, that you, his guiltless Children,  
 May not be ever wretched in his Death.

## C H O R U S.

*Live to us, to Empire live,  
 Great Augustus, long may'st thou  
 From the subject World receive  
 Laurel Wreaths t' adorn thy Brow.*

## D U E T T O.

*Of his Country ever free,  
 There the Royal Father see !*

## C H O R U S.

*To the Patron of our Laws,  
 Pierce the Air with loud Applause.*

## D U E T T O.

*Virtue in his Soul resides ;  
 In his Truth the World confides.*

## C H O R U S.

*To the Patron of our Laws,  
 Pierce the Air with loud Applause.*

## D U E T T O.

D U E T T O.

*Pity from the Throne descending,  
How the Monarch it endears;  
When with Justice, Mercy blending,  
In the King a God appears.*

D U E T T O.

*Tyrants claim, with Iron Sceptre,  
Duty which our Fears impart;  
But our gentle kind Protector,  
Monarch reigns o'er ev'ry Heart.*

C H O R U S.

*Live to us, to Empire live,  
Great Augustus, long may'st thou  
From the subject World receive  
Laurel Wreaths t' adorn thy Brow.*

F I N I S.



A N  
E X C U R S I O N  
T O T H E  
L A K E S,

In Westmoreland and Cumberland,

A U G U S T 1773.



L O N D O N :

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## EXCURSION, &c.

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WHEN ever I have read the descriptions given by travellers of foreign countries, in which their beauties and antiquities were lavishly praised, I have always regretted a neglect which has long attended the delightful scences at home. The monuments of antiquity dispersed over this island, are many and various ;

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some of them arose in the remotest ages, and point out to us the revolutions and history of our own kingdom: a degree of knowledge which ought to stand first in importance with every Englishman.

These sentiments gave rise to a summer's excursion, the pleasures of which I have endeavoured to communicate to the reader in the following pages.

The first requisites for a pleasure jaunt, are companions of suitable taste and curiosity, and conveniences for the journey—they encrease every enjoyment, and make every scene which presents itself more agreeable—these were not wanting.

Thus circumstanced, we were conducted to Bowes, in Yorkshire; to which place I shall first attempt engaging the attention of the reader.

BOWES

BOWES is of great antiquity, in which is all its merit.—The country around it is meanly cultivated, its habitations are melancholy, and what alone claims the attention of a traveller, is the ruin of a castle, supposed by some to have been of Roman construction; but by others to be the Turris de Arcubus, built by Allan, first Earl of Richmond, in the Conqueror's time. It is situated on the old Roman way, which leads from Cathrick, or the antient Catteractonium.

This castle is fifty-three feet high, is built of hewn stone, of excellent workmanship, forming a square of equal sides of eighty-one feet each; the windows are irregular, and the walls, which are cemented with lime mixed with small flints, are near five feet in thickness.—It is now much defaced, the outward casing having

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been

been stripped off in many places; within it appears to have been divided into several apartments, one of the lower divisions of which was supported by a central pillar, from whence a roof of arches has arisen, the groins still projecting from the walls.

This castle is situated on the brink of a hill, declining swiftly to the southward, at whose foot runs the river Greta:—It is surrounded with a deep ditch, on the south side of which is a plain or platform, apparently calculated for the use of the castle.—On the eastern point of this platform we were shewn the site and remains of a bath, with its aqueduct, which are now totally in ruins, and grown over with weeds and brambles.

On a late inclosure of some common lands belonging to Bowes, an antient  
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aqueduct was discovered, which had conveyed the water from a place called Lev-ar, or Levy Pool, near two miles distant from the castle; which was sufficient, at once to supply the garrison with fresh water, and also the baths.

A few scanty meadows border the river Greta, and cultivation seems to awake in ignorance over the adjoining lands; where the plough share begins to make the traces of industry on the skirts of the desert \*.

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\* Camden who wrote in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of the 15th century, speaking of this place, says, " Bowes, which also is written Bowgh, " was then a little village; where in preceding ages the " Earls of Richmond had a pretty castelet, the customs " of thorough toll, and their furcas, which was the " power of executing criminals. In old times it was " called in Antonines Itinirarie, Levatrae & Lavatrae; " the distance and scite thereof by the High-street; which " is here evidently apparent, do prove it: but what " greatly

An other occasion, besides what is mentioned by Camden, may have given the modern name of Bowes, as this place was granted by William the Conqueror to one of his attendant adventurers.

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“ greatly confirms the antiquity of it, is an antient large  
 “ stone in the church, used by the Romans for an altar,  
 “ with the following inscription upon it, to the honour  
 “ of Hadrian the Emperor.

{	IMP CÆSARI DIVI TRAIANI PARTHICI maxfilio	}
	DIVI NERVÆ NEPOTI TRAIANO Hadria	
	NO AUG. PONT. MAXIM — — — — —	
	Cos I — — — P-P—COH. IIII F — — — — —	
	IO. SEV.	

“ This fragment was also there dug up :

{	— — — — —	}
	— — — — —	
	NOL. CAE	
	FRONTINUS	
	COH. I. THRAC.	

“ Whilst Virius Lupus ruled as Lieutenant General and  
 “ Pro-

The antient monuments, said by Camden to be in the church of Bowes, are not

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“ Proprætor of Britain, under Severus the Emperor, the  
 “ first cohort of the Thracians laid here in garrison; for  
 “ whose use he rebuilt and restored the bath or hot-  
 “ house, as appears by the following inscription, which  
 “ was removed from hence to Cunningham, the house of  
 “ Sir Robert Cotton.

{	DAE: FORTUNE	}
{	VIRIUS LUPUS	}
{	LEG. AUG. PR. PR.	}
{	BALINEUM VI	}
{	IGNIS EXUST —	}
{	UM COH. I. THRAC —	}
{	UM REST — — —	}
{	ITUIT. CURANTE	}
{	VAL. FRON — — —	}
{	TONE PRAEF — —	}
{	EQ. ALAE VETTO.	}

“ Here I must correct their error, who by falsely copy-  
 “ ing this inscription read Balingium for Balineum, and  
 “ thence form an opinion that the name of the place was  
 “ Balingium; but upon a close attention to the engra-  
 “ ving

not now to be discovered, neither are there any other antiquities there which can afford any light to the history of the place \*.

From

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“ving it is evidently Balineum, which word the learned  
 “know was used for Balneum. In the declining state  
 “of the Roman empire a band of the exploratores, with  
 “their captain, kept their station here, under the com-  
 “mand of the General of Britain; as appears out of the  
 “Notice of Provinces, where it is called Lavatres. But  
 “as such baths as these were also called in latin Lavacra,  
 “some critic will pronounce that this place was named  
 “Lavacra: but I would rather presume it took its name  
 “from a little river running near to it, which I have  
 “heard is called Lavar — As for the later name of  
 “Bowes, considering the old town had been burnt to  
 “the ground (as all the inhabitants report) I should  
 “think it arose upon that occasion, for that which is  
 “burnt in the old British language is called boeth.”

\* We have the authority of an antient M S. belonging to the dissolved monastery of St Mary's in York, for the name arising from the following occasion:—“Allanus  
 “niger Comes Richmondie, unus fundatorum hujus  
 “mo-



From Bowes proceeding towards Westmoreland, we were respited from the sad scene of barrenness to which we were obliged to pass, by some infant inclosures, and attempts towards cultivation ; —the climate, the dreary vicinage of

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moun-

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“ monasterii. Iste Allanus niger, frater Ducis Britanie,  
“ intravit Angliam in Exercitu Willimi Conquestoris ;  
“ cui dictus Willimus contulit, pro servicio suo, Domi-  
“ num & Comitatum Richmond : et postea idem Allanus  
“ primus Com : Richmondie, in defensionem tenentium  
“ suorum Comitatus predicti, contra expugnationes homi-  
“ num de Westmoreland et Cumberland rebellantium,  
“ contra dictum Conquestorum, ac cum Gospatrico Duce  
“ Northumbrie adherentium Regi Scotarum, edificavit  
“ sibi Turrim de Arcubus, in quo constituit Guillamum  
“ consanguineum suum præfectum super 500 Sagittarios,  
“ et dedit ei scutum proprium cum armis Britanie, et  
“ tres arcus desuper, et unum bundellum. Sagittarum  
“ pro capitali insigne suo, ipse Guillarmus exinde nun-  
“ cupatus fuit Guillarmus de Arcubus.”

mountains, and the inclement skies, seem to deny industry her natural rewards.

At length Spittle presents its solitary edifice to the view, behind which Stainmore arises; whose heights receive the burthen of both eastern and western storms.—As we advanced, a dreary prospect was extended to the eye; the hills are cloathed in heath, and all around is a scene of barrenness and deformity;—the lower grounds are rent with torrents, which descend impetuously from the steeps in winter; and chasms, which are harrowed on the sides of the hills, yawn with ragged rocks, or black and rotten earth.—Here and there some scattered plots of grass variegate the prospect, where a few sheep find pasturage, and now and then a little rill is seen in the deep dell, which, as it flows with disconsolate meandrings, is tinged with the sable soil through  
which

which it passes.—No habitation for mankind appears on either side, but all is wilderness and horrid waste, over which the wearied eye travels with anxiety\*.

At the door of the turnpike house on Stainmore stands a cylindrical stone, which seems to have been a Roman guide post; but the inscription is so obliterated that it cannot now be made out. When we approached Roy Cross, mentioned by Camden†, which is now the boundary

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stone

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\* Camden says, “ Here begins to rise that high, hilly, “ and solitary country, exposed to wind and rain, which “ because it is stoney, is called in our native language “ Stanemore; all around is nothing but a wild desert, “ unless it is an humble hostelry, rather than an inn, “ in the midst of it, called Spittle on Stanemore, to entertain travellers.

† Near to it is a fragment of a cross, which we call Rere Cross, the Scots Roy Cross, or King’s Cross; which

stone dividing Yorkshire from Westmoreland, we perceived it stood within the remains of a large entrenchment, defended by banks of earth ten paces wide, through which the present turnpike road now passes. Its form is an oblong square, extending from north to south, with two openings on every side of the square, immediately opposite to each other, defended by a mound of earth, placed right in the front of each pass, now rising from the plane about five perpendicular feet, which is near the height of the entrenchment in its highest part.

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which crosses Hector Boetius, the Scottish writer, recordeth to have been erected as a meersone to bound England and Scotland, at the time that William the Conqueror granted Cumberland unto the Scots, on condition that they should hold it of him as his tenants, and not attempt any thing which should be prejudicial to the Crown of England.

—The eastern side is two hundred and seventy paces in length, the openings on the sides are ten paces wide, the moles which defend the same are thirty-six paces in circumference, and stand ten paces from the outward edge of the entrenchment. The ascent of the adjoining ground on this side is gradual for near half a mile.

—The northern end is two hundred and forty-nine paces in length, with two openings therein defended by moles of earth, similar to those on the eastern quarter; and as the ground here is flat for a considerable distance, so this part of the entrenchment was by nature rendered inaccessible from the north by a deep morass.

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—The western side is similar to those before described, being two hundred and seventy-eight paces in length, standing on a swift descent, which falls without intermission for half a mile or upwards.

—The southern end is in length one hundred and eighty-one paces, has its openings and moles as before described, but stands on the brink of a precipice of considerable height.—On the highest ground within the entrenchment is a large mound of earth, of a square figure, arising from the plane near three perpendicular feet, and in circumference fifty-three paces.

We have no account of this entrenchment in history, and are left to conjecture to what people it might belong.—As it lies on the Roman road, it strikes one with an apprehension that it was of  
Roman

Roman original; but the singularity of the passes and mounds which guard them, do not correspond with their usual mode of fortifying a camp; though the interior mound may be well esteemed the prætorium. From the conflicts between the northern English and the Normans after the conquest, and preceding William's ceding Cumberland to the Scots, this place may be conceived to have been a camp of one of those powers.

As we travelled from hence for several miles, all around was one continued scene of melancholy;—the hills encreasing in height, the valleys deepning, and growing more desolate;—the wind sounded amongst the rocks, whilst a heavy vapour in some parts clouded their summits; in others driving rain was seen streaming along the dells, and shrowding their gloomy recesses:—The wearied  
mind



mind of the Traveller endeavours to evade these objects, and please itself with the fancied images of verdant plains, of streams and happy groves, to which we were approaching.—Whilst we were thus engaged, unexpectedly the scene opened, and from such a horrid wild, gave us a prospect as delightful as the other was disgusting.

Over a rugged and rocky foreground, we looked upon STAINMORE-DALE in front; her verdant meadows cheered the eye, her sweet sequestered cottages, her grassy plains, and little shades of fycamores, seemed enchanting, as their beauties were enhanced by the deformity from which they had escaped. On the right hand a mountain arises, emerging its grey head and naked brow in clouds; the sides are barren rocks, in whose chinks here and there a few shrubs are seen  
clinging

clinging, and cast a tint of green to variegate the storm-bleached precipice.— On a wild and forlorn situation, in an opening on the side of a mountain, HELLBECK HALL is discovered, covered with trees; the place seems calculated for discontent, and hidden from all that is chearful in the world, is befitted to a mind of disappointment and despair; all its prospect is barrenness, the voice of water falls, of breezes mourning in the branches of the copse, or hissing on the fissures of the rock, its music; day-excluding shadows make it gloomy, and over-hanging vapours damp and dreary.

— Yet Hellbeck has its beauties;—it contrasts with the vale beneath, where the far out-stretching plain reaches to the very bounds of Cumberland; whose lofty mountains were seen from our then station, tinged with blue vapours, and

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mixing

mixing their summits with the sky.—In the fore ground lays BROUGH, whose antient castle, formerly the seat of Pembrokes, affords a noble object; around which rich meadows drest in the brightest green and fresh verdure after mowing, plots of ripening corn, sparkling sheets of water seen through the trees which deck their margins, the windings of each brook, little groves of ash and fycamore, fantastically dispersed and intermixed with villages and cots, form the beauties of the vale; on this hand extending towards Kirby Steven, on that to Dufton, and in front as far as Penrith Beacon.

As we begun to descend the hill towards Brough, and leave Stainmore's desert, we passed near an antient Roman fortification called MAIDEN CASTLE.—The Roman road has led immediately through it; it forms a square, and has  
been

been built of stone;—each side of this square is forty paces in length, and is defended by out-works; the nearest being a small ditch with a breast-work of large stones set erect, and the outward one a ditch and mound of earth.—This place has been of great strength in former times from its natural situation, commanding the pass from Brough;—the ascent on the side opposite to Brough is very steep for upwards of a mile, to the south it is inaccessible by reason of the precipice on whose brink it stands, and towards the north the ground is every where rugged and mountainous \*.

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\* Camden writes, that a little lower upon the Romans high street, there stood a little fort of the Romans, built four square, which at this day they call Maiden Castle; from whence, as the borderers reported, the way went with many windings in and out as far as Caer Vorrau in Northumberland.

The night was spent at Brough.—Fatigue gives a relish beyond what the sons of ease can possibly experience in the midst of their luxury. Beds of down are only conscious of anxiety and weariness to restless ambition and greatness. The peasant, breathing health from his labours, sleeps emparadised on his bed of contentment and chaff.

BROUGH is now divided into two small mean towns, the one called Church Brough, the other Market Brough, separated by a little brook which falls into the River Eden.—Husbandry is very little advanced here; the management of grass land is the farmer's whole excellence, the meadows being kept in good order, and very wealthy.—The inhabitants are ignorant of men and manners, but subtle and crafty.

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On parties of pleasure time should never be limited;—to ride post through a country is too much the custom of travellers, by which they can reap no more than a general idea of it.—The speculative traveller is never confined to roads, times, or seasons; but as the circumstances exciting his curiosity lay either to the right or left, he pursues the objects of his attention, without regard to hours or rules.

The pleasantness of the morning called us very early from Brough;—the dawn advanced with a deep calm,—the clouds broke from the hills, and drew their grey veil from the face of morning, revealing her in blushes,—all the valley lay wrapped in stillness;—care and industry had not departed from their night's recesses,—the ear was hushed, and all around seemed to  
be

be the region of tranquility;—ere it was long various founts grew on the fenſe, and the living landſcape gave us new pleaſures, where the buſy cottagers were all abroad in the ſeveral occupations of the field.

As we purſued our journey, at an opening of the road to the left we viewed the ruins of BROUGH CASTLE. In former times this was a formidable fortrefs, and ſaid to be of Roman conſtruction. The building to the eaſtern ſide is ſemicircular, and ſeems to be of modern architecture; but to the weſt there remains a noble tower, apparently of great antiquity, and built in the form and ſtile of other Roman edifices in the north of England. The whole caſtle ſtands on a very conſiderable eminence, ariſing ſwiftly from the plain; and by its outworks ſhews it to have been a place of great ſtrength.

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In the beginning of the last century it was repaired by the Countess of Pembroke, who made it her residence. This appeared by an \* inscription that lately stood over the south entrance, which also described that it had suffered by fire, and laid in ruins above a century preceding.

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\* This inscription was in all respects similar to one put up on a like occasion by the Countess of Pembroke, on Skipton Castle, which runs as follows: " This Skipton Castle was repaired by the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, & Montgomery, Baroness Clifford, Westmoreland, and Wexley; Lady of the Honor of Skipton in Craven, & High Sheriffs by inheritance of the county of Westmoreland, in the years 1657 & 1658, after the main part of it had lain ruinous ever since December 1648, and the January following, when it was then pull'd down and demolished almost to the ground, by the command of the Parliament then sitting at Westminster, because it had been a garrison in the then civil wars in England.—Isaiah, chap. 58. ver. 12.—God's name be praised."

The stone which contained this inscription some few years ago fell down and was destroyed.

As the Sun advanced he gave various beauties to the scene ;—the beams streaming through the divisions in the mountains, shewed us their due perspective, and striped the plain with gold ;—the light falling behind the castle, presented all its parts perfectly to us,—through the broken windows distant objects were discovered,—the front ground laid in shadows \*. On the left the prospect was shut  
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\* Camden describing this country says, “ Here Eden  
“ doth as it were make stay with his stream, to give  
“ meeting unto other petty rivers ; upon one of which,  
“ scarce two miles from Eden itself, stood Verterae, a  
“ town of antient memorie, mentioned by Antonine the  
“ Emperor, and the book of Notices, in which it is  
“ said that in the declining age of the Roman Empire

in by a range of craggy mountains, on whose steep slopes shrubs and trees were scattered;—to the right a fertile plain was extended, surmounted by distant hills; over their summits the retiring vapours, as they fled the valley, dragged their watery skirts, and gave a solemn gloom to that

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part

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“ a Roman captain with a band of the Directores were  
“ stationed there; but now the town is decayed, and  
“ become a small poor village, defended by a little for-  
“ tress, and the name turned into Burgh, for it is com-  
“ monly called Burgh under Stanmore: For in the late  
“ Emperor’s time little castles suited to warfare, and  
“ furnished with stores of corn, began to be called  
“ Burghs. I have read nothing singular of that Burgh, but  
“ that in the beginning of the Norman government, the  
“ northern English conspired here against William the  
“ Conqueror; that this Burgh was Verterae, I dare  
“ venture to affirm, because its distance from Lavatrae  
“ on the one side, and from Brovonacum on the other,  
“ being reduced into Italian miles, exactly agrees with  
“ Antonine’s numbers; and further by reason of the Ro-  
“ man high-street, as yet apparent by its ridges, lead  
“ this way to Brovonacum by Aballaba.”

part of the scene. Behind the building, the lofty promontary of Wilbore Fell lifted its brow, tinged with an azure hue, and terminated the view.

Half mankind know nothing of the beauties of nature, and waste in indolence and sleep the glorious scene which advancing morning presents;—as we pass on, the varied prospect kept attention exerted.

At the distance of a mile from Brough the village of WARKUP, to the left, affords an agreeable view.—Warkup Hall, shrouded with a rich wood of fycamores, overtops the village; the verdure of the meadows, with some extensive fields of yellow corn, contrasted by the hills of pasture grounds which lay on the southern side, brown with the summer heat, and tufted with brush-wood, gave a pleasing

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variety ; whilst the morning beam breaking afloat upon the valley, and glistening on the brook, with the blue tints of smoke that arose from the hamlets, painted the rural scene.—We were furnished with ideas which still rendered the prospect more pleasing, as they reminded us of the social spirit of the owner of Warkup ; in whose life hospitality and benevolence are truly characterised.

The valley now growing more extensive, increased its varieties, and pleased us with a new scene of advancing cultivation and husbandry. The large tracts of ground which we past along, were lately common, but are now dividing and forming into inclosures.

At the sixth mile-stone, we stopped to admire the singularity of the view to the right, where a range of mountains, arising

from the extensive plain over which we were travelling, stretched to the westward, and afforded a romantic and noble scene; the nearest hills, with rocky brows and barren cliffs, raised their grey fronts above the brush-wood which girted them in the midst; whilst their feet in hasty slopes, descended into the vale in pasturage; further retiring from the eye the mountain called Cross Fell, with a front of naked stones, overtops all the adjoining hills; being said to exceed the mountain of Skiddow one hundred and ten perpendicular feet in height.—Further extending westward the chain of mountains lay in perspective, till they died away upon the sight, and in azure hue seemed to mix with the sky; whilst at the foot of this vast range of hills, three smaller mounts of an exact conic form running parallel, beautified the scene, being covered with verdure to their crowns. The nearest,  
called

called Dufton Pike, was shadowed by a passing cloud, save only the summit of its cone, which was touched by a beam, that pointed it with gold;—the second pike was all enlightened, and gave its verdure to the prospect, as if mantled with velvet;—the third laid shadowed, whilst all the range of hills behind were struck with the sunshine, shewing their cliffs, their caverns, and their dells, in strange and grotesque variety, and giving the three pikes a picturesque projection on the landscape:—as if nature delighted to charm the eye of man, she at this time cast an accidental beauty over the scene. The small clouds which chequered the sky, as they passed along, spread their flitting shadows on the distant mountains, and seemed to marble them; a beauty which I do not recollect has struck any painter, and which has not been described even by the bold hand of the immortal



mortal Poussin. The most exquisite fancy of a painter could not have devized a more pleasing variety of light and shadow, than what was cast upon this prospect.

APPLEBY, to which we now approached, though placed on a very elevated situation, was concealed from our view till we arrived within half a mile; when from the hill which we had ascended, it gave us an agreeable surprize. On the brink of a lofty eminence, fronting towards the east, at whose foot runs the river Eden, the Castle presented itself. The steep on whose brow this noble edifice is erected, is richly cloathed with wood, save only where a rugged cliff of a red hue, breaks through the trees, and gives an agreeable variety to the landscape;—the front of the castle which presented itself is irregular and antique, but loses great  
share

share of its beauty by the joints of the building being whitened and bedaubed with lime. Over this front the top of a fine square tower is discovered, whose corners arise in turrets. The landscape to the left is richly wooded;—to the right it is divided by hanging gardens which adjoin to the town, overtopped with the dwellings. The pavillions belonging to the house of John Robinson, Esq; with the parterres, and sloping plots of grass ground, modernize a scene, which condemns all factitiousness of taste; and by the simplicity and elegance, nature presents to us on the adjoining lands, reproves the distortions which she receives from dull right lines and angles;—but whilst I censure fashion, I revere the owner of the mansion, whose excellencies are too eminent to want the traveller's applause.

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As we approached the bridge, and cast our eyes up the valley, we were delighted with the happy assemblage of woods and meadows which form the little vale where the Eden flows. Through the thronging branches the water was seen in many places reflecting a tremulous beam, and sparkling in the sun's rays ;—over the valley red cliffs and rocks, on this hand appear projecting through the trees, on that is seen the lofty front of the castle.

The prospect from the terrace which is under the eastern front of the castle, is very beautiful ;—to the right the river Eden forms a winding lake. for the distance of half a mile, whose banks are cloathed with lofty hanging woods, descending in a swift but regular sweep to the brink of the stream. Below us the water murmured over a wear, where a  
mill

mill added to the pleasing sounds. On the left red cliffs and precipices arise perpendicular from the water, over whose brows oaks and ashes hanging, render their aspect more romantic by the solemn shade.—On the ground above, the public road leading to Appleby winds up the hill, on whose sides some cottages are scattered; whilst all behind mountains form the distant ground, shadowed with clouds\*.

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Whilst

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\* Camden writes that Aballaba, of which mention is made in the book of Notices, hath hitherto kept the antient name so well, that it proveth itself beyond a doubt; for we call it short Appleby, instead of Aballaba. It is memorable for its antiquity and situation. In the Roman's time the Aurelian Maures kept a station there. Its scite is pleasant, as it stands almost encompassed by the river Eden; but it is so slenderly inhabited, and the buildings are so simple, that were it not for its antiquity, from whence it deserved to be accounted the chief

Whilst we stayed here enjoying this sweet scene, I could not forbear pointing out to my companion a little tenement which stood opposite to us, near to the brink of the river; where the fairest maid resides that grace Eden's banks;—stately and tall, she seems the lilly of Eden's garden, whilst she is fair and meek as lillies too; in her countenance beauty is graced with intelligence, and in her behaviour innocence is mixed with politeness.

The garden grounds around Appleby castle are without ornament, and are calculated for use only. On the western side,  
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chief town of the shire, and to have sessions and assize kept in the castle, which is the common goal for malefactors, it would be little better than a village. All its beauty lies in one broad street, which from north to south riseth with an easy ascent of the hill.

detached from the rest of the edifice, is a very lofty square tower, which the people call Cæsar's tower, and which from its form appears to be Roman;—the corners form a projection of near a foot from the plane of each front, and rise above the rest of the building in square turrets, now covered with lead, the remaining part of the top being embrasured;—there are two small windows on each front near the middle of the building, parallel to each other. This tower is defended by an outward wall, forming a kind of crescent, at the distance of about twelve paces, now remaining near twenty feet in height, strongly sustained on the outside by buttresses, erected on an eminence thirty paces in ascent, and defended by a deep ditch without.—The quarter fronting to the castle lies open to the area, which is inclosed by a wall continuing from the points of the crescent.

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The great hall is worthy the observation of travellers, there being enclosed in a case in the wainscot a fine piece of portrait painting, of the Pembroke family, ornamented with their pedigree, and historical notes of their lives and achievements.—A stranger is from thence conducted through an adjoining room, where the ragged remains of embroidered furniture give you a most deplorable idea of decaying magnificence, and the vanity of pride ; when the doors of a closet being suddenly thrown open you are startled from your reverie by the shaking of armour, and the sight of a complete suit, trembling in every joint :—this armour is preserved with great attention, as having been worn by the last Earl of Westmoreland, who has been a man of very small stature ;—the arms are richly embossed and inlaid with gold.

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In its Ichnography this castle is not much unlike to the ruins of Brough ; the towers being detached from the main edifice, and placed to the west.

APPLEBY CASTLE is one of the seats of the Earl of Thanet, but of late years has been much neglected by the family.—Lord Thanet is hereditary Sheriff of the county of Westmoreland, and is entitled to many noble privileges there ; some of which, in this age of liberty and cultivation, are rather oppressive ; his free chace in particular.

The great possessions of the Countess of Pembroke, in this country, came into the Thanet family in the following manner :—John Earl of Thanet succeeded his mother, Margaret Countess of Thanet, as Baron of Clifford, Westmoreland, and  
Vesey,

Vesey, in the year 1676; and in the year 1678 he also succeeded his cousin the Lady Aliathea, sole daughter and heir of James Earl of Northampton, by his first wife the Lady Isabella, his mother's sister. Whereby he became possessor of the whole inheritance of his grandmother the Countess of Pembroke \*.

The town of Appleby chiefly consists of one wide continued street, hanging upon the swift decline of a hill, in a direction north and south; the castle terminating it on the summit, the church at the foot.—The situation is delightful in the summer season, but in the winter very cold; the natural disadvantages of its site being increased by the great scarcity of coal; to supply which want, wood and peats are chiefly used as fuel.—The meadows and

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\* Colling's Peerage.

and pasture grounds are beautiful, but there is little tillage, it having been a received opinion for ages past, that grain would not ripen or come to perfection so near the moors and mountains, from whence a continued moist vapour is borne into the valley, which blights the corn in its blossom, or prevents it filling or maturing. But this absurdity is declining through experience; which hath taught the inhabitants, that the want of knowledge in agriculture was all the defect.

This is a very antient Borough, and by prescription sends two members to parliament.—It is the county town, but is not blest with a situation for trade;—the markets are not populous, the country adjoining, by reason of its extensive wastes and uncultivated lands, being thinly inhabited.—This is a corporation town,

town, and is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and common council.—The late conflicts in political matters have enriched the inhabitants, the contested election for this Borough having bestowed upon the burgage owners many thousands of pounds.

The place where the judges of Assize sit in judgment on criminals is very antique and remarkable;—by the arms placed on one of the corner pillars, it appears to have been erected by the Pembroke family;—it is situate in the market-place fronting to the north, is opened on the sides by a rude balustrade, and in the front is supported by pillars: so that it may be truly said, the Judge sits dispensing justice in the forum.

The buildings in this place are chiefly antient; some few modern houses of red  
free

free stone, which have a remarkable fine effect, are interspersed. Near the summit of the hill stands an obelisk, a pillar of the Ionick order, arising on some few steps; on the base of which is cut this remarkable inscription,—“ Preserve your liberties, maintain your rights.” It seems to be placed there as a public satire on the conduct of the burgage owners, and to say, hither and no further the conflagration of public virtue advanced:—As it had its origin in the contested elections, it excites a smile of derision on the countenance of the traveller, to whose mind it renews the odious ideas of the corruptions of this age.—In the midst of the town, to the disgrace of the corporation, stands a filthy slaughter-house and shambles.

There is a school amply endowed be-  
F longing

longing to this place \*. Before the door of the school-house some Roman altars are placed ; amongst these antiquities one Reginald Bainbrig has given a memorial of his folly to posterity, by some inscriptions in antique characters, to celebrate his own memory ; in which, at least, his Latin inelegance “ qui docuit hic,” might have been spared.

The

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\* In the upper part of this place (says Camden) standeth the castle aloft, almost wholly environed by the Eden. At the foot of the town stands the church, near to which is a school, founded by Robert Langton and Miles Spencer, Doctors of Laws ; Reginald Bainbrig is the present master, a learned man, who governs the same with great applause.—It was not for nothing that William of Newborough called this town and burgh princely holds ; where he writes, that William King of Scots surprized them a little before the time he was himself taken prisoner at Alnwick ; which King John afterwards having recovered, gave to Robert Vipoint, in consideration of his singular services to him and the state.

The road which we pursued from Appleby, for several miles, gave us great pleasure. The valleys through which the river Eden runs are singularly beautiful; their woody banks, and level meads, afforded a variety of landscapes, particularly below Crackenthorp.

We passed by Kirby Thore, where no remains of ancient Roman grandeur, spoken of by Camden, are now to be found.—Acorn Bank, the seat of William Norton, Esq; and Temple Sowerby, laid also in our way; of which we were told nothing memorable, but that there remained to this day a pecuniary mulct, paid to the Lord of the Manor, in lieu of his custom with each bride within his jurisdiction.—It is an extra-parochial place, and from its ancient owners, the Knights



Templars, enjoyed many privileges, which are now obsolete.

We passed WHINFIELD PARK, an extensive forest, the property of the Earl of Thanet; where we had the pleasure of viewing a large tract of ground, lately enclosed from the park, growing corn. Nothing can give greater satisfaction to the eye of the traveller, than to behold cultivation and industry stretching their paces over the heath and waste, the forest and the chace;—population must follow, and riches ensue.—In Whinfield the remains of an ancient oak of prodigious size, is shewn to strangers, called Three Brother tree, a name arising from the concealment of three brethren within its cavity.—On the way side, a shattered trunk of an oak, called White Hart tree, is seen, a cotemporary perhaps of the other, though inferior in size;—the monument

numents of elapsed centuries, and the effigy of old age; stretching forth its withered limbs on one side, and on the other a scanty foliage, and poor remnant of life. This tree is nine yards and two feet in circumference.

A STONE PILLAR, erected by the side of the road, next attracted our attention; near to which was placed a stone table. The stalk of the pillar is sexagon, the top of it square; on the sides of this square are represented, in several quarterings, the arms of the Pembrokes, a south dial, and the following inscription:

“ This Pillar was erected Anno Domini  
“ 1656, by the Right Honble Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. Daughter and sole Heiress of the Right Honble George Earl of Cumberland, for a memorial of her last parting in this place  
“ with

“ with her good and pious mother, the  
 “ Right Honble Mary, Countess Dowager  
 “ of Cumberland, the 2d of April, 1616 ;  
 “ in memory whereof she also left an an-  
 “ nuity of 4l. to be distributed to the  
 “ poor of the parish of Brougham every  
 “ 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone  
 “ table here hard by. *Laus Deo.*”

We quitted the high road, in order to pass by BROUGHAM CASTLE, a spacious ruin, situate on the banks of the river Yeoman.—That we might enjoy the prospect to advantage, we crossed over the river, and made a sweep round the mill, which stands almost opposite to Brougham, from thence the view opened upon us delightfully.

—The mill with its streams lay on the fore ground to the left ;—a beautiful and shining canal, formed by the river Yeoman

man, margined with shrubs, laid spreading to the right;—in front, the streams which fell over the wear made a foaming cascade; immediately on the opposite brink of the channel arises BROUGHAM CASTLE;—three square towers projecting, but yet connected with the building, form the front;—from thence, on either side, a little wing falls back some paces; to the north east a thick grove of planes and ashes blocks up the passage, and the gateway;—to the south west the walls stretch out to a considerable distance, along a fine grassy plain of pasture ground, terminated by a tower, one of the out-posts of the castle;—in the centre of the building arises a lofty square tower, frowning in Gothick strength, and gloomy pomp.—The shattered turrets which had formed the angles, and the hanging gallery which had communicated with each, were grown with shrubs and waving  
bram-

brambles.—The sun beams which struck each gasping loup, and bending window, discovered the inward devastation and ruin ; and touched the whole with admirable colouring and beauty ; to grace the landscape, fine groups of cattle were dispersed on the pasture ; and through the tufts of ash trees, which were irregularly dispersed on the back ground, distant mountains were seen skirting the horizon.

The lower apartment in the principal tower is still remaining entire ; being covered with a vaulted roof of stone ; consisting of eight arches, which as they spring from the side walls, are supported and terminate on a pillar, in the centre. —The apartment mentioned to have been in Bowes Castle, was assuredly of the same architecture ; as appears from the remains of the groins, still projecting from  
the

the walls there, together with part of the elevation of the centric pillar\*.

Having now entered the county of Cumberland, and passing on behind CARLTON, the seat of James Wallace, Esq; the eye wandered with delight over a fine cultivated country, from whence we had a distant view of the rich valley of Lowther, decked with noble and extensive woods.—As we approached to PENRITH, the mountains and piles of

G

rocks

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\* Camden says, “ the Roman way goeth straight into  
 “ the west by Whinfield, a large Park shaded by trees,  
 “ hard by Brovoniacum, standing twenty Italian miles,  
 “ or seventeen English miles, from Verterae, as Anto-  
 “ nine notes it, who hath also called it Brocovum; the  
 “ Book of Notices files it Broconiacum, which expresse  
 “ that a company or band of Defensores were stationed  
 “ here. Time hath consumed the beauty and buildings  
 “ of this town, yet the name remains almost uncorrupted,  
 “ for it is called at this day Brougham.”

rocks which stand on Hull's-water, afforded an august scene;—and at the termination of the road, the ruins of Penrith Castle presented themselves.—The genius, the virtue and industry, of the owner of these rich lands, which we were then passing, arose to our thoughts;—the benevolent mind must ever be touched with pleasure, when the meritorious man is rewarded in this world for his excellence.

PENRITH is an agreeable town, situate on the easy decline of a hill, to the southward;—it is unchartered, being governed by the Steward of the Honor, and a Jury.—A considerable manufactory of cotton and linen checks is carried forward here.—The houses in general are well built, and the inhabitants are facetious and polite.—The name of this place is derived from the colour of the hills near it, Pen-roeth being in the ancient British language



a Red Hill.—Here we met with the utmost civility, every one we addrest shewing themselves ready to give us all the information in their power, of what was curious in the country.

Our first excursion from Penrith was to mount the steep hill on which the beacon is placed, upwards of a mile to the northward of the town ;—the labour was great by which we ascended this mount, but the view from thence amply rewarded our fatigue.—The beacon house is a square building of stone, and is happily situated for the purpose of alarming the country in times of public danger, as it commands a very extensive vale.

—The northern window of the beacon house affords a prospect of Cross Fell, with the Pikes of Dufton, together with a chain of mountains extending from east

to west near thirty miles ; which on the western point sink in the spacious plain where the city of Carlisle lies. The utmost bounds of this view are formed by a ridge of Scotch mountains.—Some faint appearance of St Mary's church, marks to the eye the scite of Carlisle.

—The eastern window presented to us a view of the country we had passed, bounded by the hills of Stainmore, and the lofty promontary of Wilbore-fell above Kirby Stephen, with its neighbouring mountains.

—The south window returned to us the view of Brougham Castle, with its plains of pasture ground.—The spreading woods of Lowther, intermixed with rich cultivated lands, form the rising grounds.—Some parts of the lake of Hull's-water are seen, whilst the mighty rocks and mountains

rains which hemm in the lake, lift up their heads in rude confusion, and crown the scene.

—The western window affords a new, and not less pleasing prospect;—the town of Penrith lay before us, and here and there the river Yeoman shewed its windings through its woods.—The hill which rises above the town is crowned with the awful remains of a royal fortress;—time has despoiled its grandeur, but its Honors still survive to its noble owner the Duke of Portland, who therewith holds the Honor of Penrith, formerly a royal franchise.—Beyond these objects, amongst a range of mountains, at the distance of eighteen miles, Skiddow is seen, with his majestic front, surmounting all the high lands that terminate the view.

—The whole prospect from the beacon  
hill

hill as you turn every way, presents you with a vast theatre, upwards of one hundred miles in circumference, circled with stupendous mountains.

Common justice requires, that in whatever station of life merit is discovered, it should receive a degree of praise proportioned to its excellence.—From this universal principle which benevolence delights to cherish, I must not pass in silence the deserts of our Penrith host:—The common conduct of publicans prepossesses the mind of the traveller, when he enters an inn, with the unfavourable idea, that your host is an unfeeling extortioner, impertinent, curious, and imposing;—whoever shall visit Penrith, either on business or pleasure, will find the keeper of the White Swan the very reverse;—a man above his rank in sentiments, above his fellows in propriety of manners; his  
house.

house commodious and clean, his provisions excellent, and his attendance prompt and not impertinent.

Our second excursion from Penrith was by LOWTHER to the LAKE of HULL'S-WATER;—we passed the village of Clifton, memorable for the skirmish on the 18th day of December, 1745, between the Duke of Cumberland's forces and the rebels.—On the approach to Clifton from Lowther, the way which the Duke's forces advanced, lies Clifton moor, a spacious common descending with an easy slope towards the village;—on the western side of this moor the road is situate, within twenty yards of the inclosures, which are fenced by hedges and stone walls, from whence the rebels begun firing on the Duke's horse, and made some slaughter;—to the east the land descends to some swamps, with small inclosures, at the foot  
of

of which is a narrow dark lane, passable for no more than one horseman at a time. Near this place General Honeywood received those marks of savage barbarity which had nearly cost him his life.—A little detached from the village stands a cottage, where the rebel Captain, Hamilton, with some others, had concealed themselves. This being discovered, one of the Duke's Hussars, with great dexterity, attacked the house, and riding round it, fired several shot in at the window, which did some execution, and obliged Hamilton to shew himself; when there began a single combat, between two equally expert in horsemanship and the use of arms; in which Hamilton was taken prisoner, after giving and receiving many wounds.

—A train of melancholy sentiments flowed in upon the mind, on passing the  
ground

ground rendered famous to posterity by battles and slaughter;—when rebellion adds its horrid die to darken the retrospection, the soul recoils at the sad and unnatural scene; and tears start from the eye, to weep the sins of fell ambition, and the pride of man.

We visited the present works of Sir James Lowther, to which he is pleased to give the name of *The Village*; the buildings of which are of stone, handsomely fashioned, and covered with blue slate.—Our approach was at the eastern end, where the work there proceeding formed a crescent, behind which the other buildings are thrown in squares.—The design on which the proprietor is building this beautiful place is, to entertain a number of linen manufacturers, the erections being calculated for that purpose, with proper apartments for the directors and go-



vernors of such a work.—By the appearance of the place, it seems as if it would be capable of receiving a thousand artists.—The utility and greatness of this project are too manifest to require the traveller's animadversions; enough it is to say, that such works, under the auspices of such men, give the observer infinite pleasure. The distances between the rich and poor, in this luxurious and proud age, have been too distinctly maintained.—The wealth and felicity of this nation depends upon the intimate connection between property and trade.—Where opulence is diffused in works to bless the industrious poor, in projects to promote manufactory and arts, panegyric is silenced by that inward approbation and esteem, which leads the mind to regard such virtue, in the character of the rich man, with reverence.

—We

—We pass'd along from this agreeable scene to a place called the College, from its having been formerly the residence of the preceptors of the Lowther Family: where our admiration was enlarged by the princely works there carried on, at the sole expence of Sir James. We obtained admission to inspect the carpet manufactory, which is there conducted in the manner of the Goblines.—It is not possible to convey any competent idea of the beauty of this work by description;—the shag thrown up on the face of the carpeting is about half an inch in thickness, which renders it so durable, that a new erected mansion would not outstand such furniture. The colours are disposed with the utmost taste and judgment, in representation of natural flowers; as delicate, easy, and just, as the works of the pencil.—We were so for-

tunate as to see in the looms some carpets of peculiar beauty ; the one was wrought on a copper-coloured ground, scattered with sprigs of flowers ; the other was on a violet ground ;—the roses and convolvulus, the jessamines and carnations, were exquisite ;—they looked like fresh pulled flowers thrown upon velvet ; their disposition was in the happiest taste, and the colours were given to form the most agreeable changes and variety.—The master of this work, in an open and polite manner, conducted us ; not omitting one circumstance which he apprehended could add to our pleasure in the inspection.—The spinning for this work is done by children from the foundling Hospital.—Tears of pleasure gushed upon the eye, to behold these poor orphans, who would otherwise perhaps have been totally lost to the world and to themselves, thus, by so excellent a charity, saved from the hands of destruction and

and vice, rendered useful members of society, and happy in their industry and innocence.

—The carpet manufactory is carried on solely for Sir James's pleasure and not for sale; we were informed that some little time ago a piece of this work was presented to her Majesty.

Passing from the college we descended the banks of the river Lowther, whose woody scenes are every where picturesque and pleasing:—

—— “ In this path

“ How long foe'er the wanderer roves, each step

“ Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point present

“ A different picture; new, and yet the same\*.

—The beauties of the prospect at  
Afkam

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\* Mafon's Garden.

Askam Bridge engaged our attention—the water descending over a rocky channel, fell in irregular and foaming streams;—the little plain above was dressed in the brightest green; the lofty banks on every hand were clothed with stately oaks, save only where a bold promontary, which overhung the road where we had passed, shewed its rocky brow from out the shade which crowned its threatening front.

A gentleman who was so obliging as accompany us in this day's excursion, conducted our rout with great judgment;—from Lowther, he caused us to ascend the hills, which bordered upon Hulls'-water; so that the Lake was totally concealed from us in our approach till we were just upon it.

—Having attained the summit, with  
no

no small degree of patience and fatigue, it opened suddenly upon our view, presenting to us a sheet of water of the form of an S, nine miles in extent, and greatly above a mile in width;—as we looked upon it from a great eminence, we could discern all its bays, its shores and promontaries, and in the extensive landscape take in a vast variety of objects, thrown together with all that beauty, which wood and water, lawns, rising sweeps of corn, villas, villages, and cots, surmounted by immense mountains and rude cliffs can form to the eye;—the country to the right for many miles was variegated in the finest manner by enclosures, woods and villas; amongst which Graystock, Dacre, and Delmain were seen, whilst to the left nothing but stupendous mountains and rude projecting rocks presented themselves to the sight vying with each other, for grandeur and eminence.

We

We descended to the village of POOLEY, and from thence, by a winding road on the margin of the Lake, passed on for near a mile, to a small inn where we left our horses.

We were accommodated on the water with one of the barges belonging to the Duke of Portland, which have been sent there by his Grace for pleasuring;—a strong south breeze rendered the Lake so rough, that the surf broke over the bow, whilst the swell gave us motion almost equal to that felt at sea;—my companion; suffered no small mortification by this accident, at it incommoded him much in drawing views of this admirable scene.—We were obliged to coast it up the Lake, to keep as much under the wind as possible, the labour being very great to  
make



make any way, with four boat-men at the oars.

—As we took the boat, there stood to our right, a mountain almost perfectly circular, covered with verdure to the crown, arising swiftly from the edge of the water many hundred feet in height, and shadowing us from the sun;—to the left the Lake spread out its agitated bosom, whitened with innumerable breakers, much above a mile in breadth; whose opposite shore in one part ascended gradually with cultivated lands from the village of Pooley, skirting the hills; over which some scattered wood was happily disposed in irregular groves and winding lines; whilst all above, the brown heath reached the summits.—This land adjoined to a mountain much superior in height to that upon our right, rising almost perpendicular from the Lake, with naked  
I cliffs;

cliffs: on its rugged side, through the grey rocks, was torn a passage for a rivulet, whose waters fell precipitate with a mighty noise into the deep below;—the ground more distant, which was seen still upwards, over an expanse of water not less than four miles, consisted of lofty rocks and bold promontaries, here and there shewing naked and storm-bleached cliffs; and in other places scattered over with the spring of young oaks, arising from the stoves of trees which the ax had lately slain.—We could not forbear lamenting the loss of so great an ornament to this romantic scene, as a forest of timber trees hanging on these declivities must have been, from this and every other point of view on the Lake.

As we passed along, having doubled two small capes, we fell into a bay, under the seat of John Robinson, Esq; of  
WATER

WATER MELLOCK.—From the very margin of the Lake, in this part, the grafs ground ascended gradually in an easy flope, where were difperfed, in an agreeable irregularity, pretty groves of afh : there

——“ Many a glade is found,

“ The haunt of wood gods only, where if art

“ E’er dar’d to tread, ’twas with unfandal’d feet,

“ Printlefs, as if the place was holy ground \*”

—Above which the easy inclining hills fhewed us yellow fields of corn, overtopped by the white front of a venerable manfion, more noted for its hofpitality, than for the elegance of its ftructure.

—The pleafantnefs of this bay, the verdure of the new-mown meads, with the fhade of the grove, induced us to take our noon-tide repaft there.

I 2

—Whilst

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\* Mafon’s Garden.

—Whilst we sat to regale, the barge put off from shore, to a station where the finest echoes were to be obtained from the surrounding mountains.—The vessel was provided with six brass cannon, mounted on swivels ;—on the discharge of one of these pieces, the report was echoed from the opposite rocks, where by reverberation it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley ; till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear.

—The instant it had ceased the sound of every distant water-fall was heard, but for an instant only ; for the momentary stillness was interrupted by returning echo on the hills behind us ; where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder bursting over our heads, continuing for several seconds, flying from haunt to haunt,  
till

till once more the sound gradually declined ;—again the voice of water-falls possessed the interval,—till to the right the more distant thunder arose upon some other mountain, and seemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, sometimes behind, on this side, or on that, in wondrous speed, running its dreadful course ;—when the echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right hand and left, at the extremities of the Lake.—In this manner was the report of every discharge re-echoed seven times distinctly.

—At intervals we were relieved from this entertainment, which consisted of a kind of wondrous tumult and grandeur of confusion, by the music of two French horns, whose harmony was repeated from every recess which echo haunted on the  
bor-

borders of the Lake;—here the breathings of the organ were imitated, there the bassoon with clarinets;—in this place from the harsher founding cliffs, the cornet;—in that from the wooded creek, amongst the caverns and the trilling water falls, you seemed to hear the soft-toned lute accompanied with the languishing strains of enamoured nymphs; whilst in the copse and grove was still retained the music of the horns.—All this vast theatre, seemed to be possessed by innumerable ærial beings, who breathed cœlestial harmony.

—As we finished our repast, from a general discharge of the guns we were roused to new astonishment; for altho' we had heard with great surprize the former echoes, this exceeded them so much that it seemed incredible: for on every  
hand

hand the sounds were reverberated and returned from side to side, so as to give us the semblance of that confusion and horrid uproar, which the falling of these stupendous rocks would occasion, if by some internal combustion they were rent to pieces, and hurled into the Lake.

During the time of our repast the wind was hushed, and the Lake, which on our first entrance was troubled and foaming, now became like a shining mirror, reflecting reversed mountains and rocks, groves, meads, and vales ;—the water was so transparent that we could perceive the fish and pebbles at the depth of six or eight fathom ;—we now doubled a woody promontary, and passing by the foot of Gobery Park, ascended into the narrow part of the Lake, leaving the grassy margins and the scattered copse, which had bordered the water, as we past by Water  
ter



ter Mellock ; now all around us being one scene of mountains, which hemmed us in, arising with awful and precipitate fronts ;—here the white cliffs raised their pointed heads, there the shaken and rifted rocks were split and cavated into vast shelves, chasms, and dreary cells, which yawned upon the shadowed Lake ; whilst other steeps less rugged were decked with shrubs, which grew on every plain and chink, their summits being embrowned with sun-parched moss and herbage.

—The scene was nobly awful as we approached to STARBURY CRAG ;—at every winding of our passage, new hills and rocks were seen to overlook those which had but the minute before been new upon our prospect ; the clouds hung heavily upon the mountains, rolling in gloomy volumes over their heads, in  
some

some places dragging their ragged skirts along the sides of the steeps, giving them a deep and melancholy shade; in others admitting the sun beams, which illuminated the winding dells with a greyish light.

—We saw within some little distance of the shore a sulphurine spring.—We were sorry to find this valuable gift of nature remained unanalyzed and neglected by the neighbouring gentlemen; it appeared to be much of the nature of Harrowgate Spaw, and is said to have shewn excellent medicinal qualities to those who have used it.

—The fishermen belonging to Mr Robinson were so obliging as to make us two draughts; but we were not fortunate enough to take any very large fish;—we drew trout, perch, and skelley,  
K (which

(which last is a kind of fresh-water herring) all of which were of excellent flavour.—They sometimes take a trout peculiar to this water, of thirty pounds weight and upwards, and eels of eight or nine pounds.

—After a voyage of upwards nine miles we returned, passing down the centre of the Lake. We had again arrived opposite to the woody promontary, which joins to the extreme of the cultivated lands of Water Mellock, when the view down the Lake opened upon us.

—The meadows, the groves, the mountains, and the rocks, which environed the Lake, were disposed in the most picturesque order, bending around the margin of an expanse of water of five miles over ;—the lands of Water Mellock now layed at a distance to the left,  
fur-

furmounded by some small conic hills, the heights of Gobery Park, that ranged westward, and terminated by the grassy mountain at whose foot we passed upon our entrance.—These sweetly intermingled groves, corn fields and meads, gently inclining to the Lake, where they sunk on the grassy margin, or stretched into easy promontaries, now lay in the happiest arrangement;—to the right were the rocky steeps, down which the foaming cataract was hurried; from whence the upstretching inclosures, upon gradual declinations, formed the more distant hills; above which, from hanging groves that overlooked each other, some blue rocks, crowned with brown heath, appeared;—at the extreme of this fine crescent stood mount DUNMORLET, of a most beautiful conic form, covered from its skirts to the crown with oaks, ashes, and firs, fortunately mingled; at whose

foot the single arch of Pooley bridge, the outlet of all this mighty Lake, appeared bending over a little valley, where some few cottages were scattered ; over which, at the extremity of the dale, Penrith beacon formed a pleasing obelisque.—The beauties of this scene were encreased by the reflection given in the water, where the deep green hue was seen to mix with the olive and the grey of the adjoining objects ; whilst the back ground seemed to decline in faintest purple, variegated with the deep crimson streaks of an evening sky.

—We hung upon our oars some time, reluctant to quit this prospect, and enjoying the music of the horns ;—the exquisite softness and harmony which the echoes produced here, were not to be described ;—the music seemed to issue from some resounding temple, which stood

con-

concealed behind the mountains, where the most solemn and delicate symphony was heard, as if reverberated from the brazen dome, or marble colonades ; and as the breeze at intervals grew softer, one might imagine the voices of a thousand choiristers had filled the lengthened chorus.

—It happened fortunately for us that the sun some short time before setting, shone out serene;—we made a little turn to look back upon the dark and rocky scene which we had passed, when the vapour which had for some time almost covered the mountains with a gloomy veil, appeared to roll up upon the breeze like a mighty curtain, and withdrew, opening gradually to the eye the pompous theatre.—No sooner were these cumbrous volumes lifted above the summits of the western hills, than the horizontal rays broke  
broke

broke in upon the mountains ; the grafs on these heights which had been parched and turned of a rufset hue, received the light in a delicate manner, becoming a rich fhade to the bright gold tints with which the fun beams, paffing through the evening vapour, ftruck the cliffs, as the flantway rays pierced each valley and interstice of the mountains ; here beam-  
ing over a whole hill, there tinging the tops of rocks, and catching the edges of the precipice, with the luftre of burnifhed gold ; whilst the deep fhades of every vale, each dell, chafm, and cave, height-  
ened the colouring above.—In the water we traced all this picturesque fcene inverted, the long and deep fhadows thrown from the mountains over the Lake, made the objects, which were thus illumined, be moft beautifully reflected on this mirror of fable.

—Here



—Here the mind was touched with pious and reverential thoughts, which alone delight in silence, whilst contemplation dwells on the mighty author of such wondrous works ; to whom it is acceptable, that the heart of man, seeking him in such scenes as these, should pay that adoration which no language can express.

—Approaching night roused us from our rhapsodies ; the clouds above our heads were deeply tinged with crimson, and the whole Lake as we proceeded on our voyage, seemed to glow with a fine carnation ;—as the sun still descended the vapours which hung with a grey hue over the hills now assumed a flame colour, and seemed to wind up a multitude of glowing streams in the most grotesque figures ; whilst all below was sinking  
from

from the eye into a solemn confusion ;—the whole range of mountains appearing as if on fire, the images of Ovid immediately occurred to my memory :

— “ *Caucasus ardet*

“ *Offaque cum Pindo, majorq; ambobus Olympus*

“ *Aerisq; Alpes, & nubifer Apenninus.*”

We regained the little inn at the foot of Dunmorlet, where our horses waited for us, and returned towards Penrith delighted with our voyage, in our conversation enumerating the wondrous and enchanting scenes to which we had been present ; till we reached DELMAIN, the seat of J. Hazell, Esq;—the rich woods which are spread around this mansion, together with its handsome stone-built front, gave us expectation, whilst we saw it in the morning at a distance, that it would be still more pleasing on a nearer view ; but we could not forbear turning our eyes away in disappointment,

ment, when we perceived the approach and court kept no better than a stable-yard.

A little ramble took place in the ensuing morning;—in our way we were shewn the tenement in which, by the great tempest some few years ago, Miss Bolton and her female friend were overwhelmed in the ruins of their house;—over whose untimely monument even piety lets fall a tear, and resignation bows to heaven with sighs, whilst hope in holy whispers tells, that innocence and virtue called from hence become angelic.

—We viewed the ruins of PENRITH CASTLE;—it is said to have arose on the foundations of a Roman fortress, the traces of which are not now to be discovered.—The buildings form a square,

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and

and are situate on a rising ground, surrounded with a ditch.—The scite towards the town is much more elevated than on any of the other quarters ;—this front consists of the remains of an angular tower to the East, which now stands separated from the rest by the falling of the walls ; the centre which projects a little from the plane of the front is hastening to decay, presenting to the eye broken chambers, passages, and stairs ; —this part of the building is still connected with the western angular tower, an open hanging gallery forming the communication ;—below this gallery a large opening is made by the falling of the building, forming a rude arch ; through which, and the broken walls to the east, the interior parts of the ruin are perceived in a picturesque manner. —Nothing remains within but part of a stone-arched vault, which by its similitude to  
places

places of the like nature which we had formerly seen, we conceived to have been the prison.

From thence we went to view a place by the inhabitants called ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, near to Yeoman bridge, and within about half a mile from Penrith.—This is said to be of great antiquity, but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made\*.

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It

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\* Camden, writing of Penrith, says, “ Not far from  
“ the confluence of Eimòt and Lowther, where is seen  
“ that round trench of earth which the country people  
“ term Arthur's round Table, standeth Penrith, which  
“ is, if you interpret it out of the British language, the  
“ Read Head, or Hill, (for the soil and stones there are  
“ of a reddish colour) but commonly called Perith;  
“ a little town of no great trade, fortified on the west  
“ side with a castle of the Kings, which in the reign of  
“ King

—It is cut in a little plain, near to the river, of an exact circular figure, save to the eastern and western sides an approach is left on the common level of the plain ; —the trench which is cast up, and by which it is formed, is near ten paces wide ; the foil which has been thrown up on the outward side forms a kind of theatre ;—  
the

“ King Henry the Sixth was repaired out of the ruins  
 “ of a Roman fort near to it, called Mayburgh. The  
 “ town is graced with a large church ; the market-  
 “ place is spacious, with a market-house of timber, or-  
 “ namented by bears at a ragged staff, which was the  
 “ device of the Earls of Warwick.—In former times it  
 “ belonged to the Bishops of Durham, but when Bishop  
 “ Anthony Beck grew haughty with his too great  
 “ riches, King Edward the First (as we find in Durham  
 “ book) took from him Penrith, with other places.—  
 “ For the use of this town, William Strickland, Bishop  
 “ of Carlisle, at his own cost, caused an aqueduct to be  
 “ made out of Peter-rill.—Near to which was Plumpton  
 “ Park,

the approaches are ten paces wide, and the whole circle within the ditch is one hundred and sixty paces in circumference.

—We were induced to believe this was an ancient tilting ground, where in days of chivalry tournaments had been held; the approaches would answer for the career, and the circle seems sufficient for the champions to shew their dexterity in jousting and horsemanship, the whole circus

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“Park, a large tract of ground, which the Kings of  
“England in old times used as a forest for wild beasts;  
“but King Henry the Eighth disparked it, and wisely  
“appointed it for the habitations of men, as being in  
“the marches, near where the kingdoms of England  
“and Scotland adjoined. Just by this place I saw many  
“remains of a decayed town, which from its vicinity is  
“called Old Penrith; I for my part would judge it to  
“be Petreanie.”

It is said of the order of Knights of the Round Table, that it was instituted by King Arthur, to the end there might be no question about precedence, and to teach heroic minds not to be ambitious of place, but merit.



cus being capable of receiving one thousand spectators, without the ditch.—It doth not appear probable that this hath been an intrenchment, or fortified camp, it being too small for such purposes ; and more particularly it is overlooked by an adjoining rising ground, from whence it might be annoyed by missile weapons.—Some places similar in form have been esteemed camps fortified by the Danes.

At about half a mile distance we viewed a place called MAYBROUGH ;—this is a hill, which arises gradually on every side about one hundred and forty paces from the level of the lands below, forming the lower section of a regular cone.—The ascent is on every side grown with oaks and ashes, and seems to have been covered with wood for ages ; though no very ancient trees remain standing, yet the reliques left by the ax evince it.

The

—The summit of the hill is fenced round, save only an opening to the east of twelve paces wide;—the fence is very singular, being composed of an immense quantity of loose pebble stones, which seem to have been gathered from the river by their quality, and the similarity there is between them and the gravel of the bed of the Yeoman.—No kind of mortar appears to have been used here, the stones layed uncemented, and in a heap, which at the foot is near twenty paces wide, rising to an edge, in height at this day about eight feet from the level of the interior plain.—Here and there time has scattered a few trees and brush-wood over the pebbles, but in other places they are loose and naked, both on the outside and inside of the fence.—The space within is a fine plain of meadow ground, exactly circular, of 100 paces diameter;—inclining a little to the westward from  
the

the centre a large mass of unhewn stone is standing erect, placed with the smaller end in the earth, on which some little ash trees have taken their growth, by striking their roots into the natural fissures of the stone;—this stone is in circumference near its middle twenty-two feet and some inches, and in height eleven feet and upwards; it is a species of the free stone, and has been gathered from the surface, and not won in any quarry or bed of stone.—The inhabitants in the neighbourhood say, that within the memory of man two other stones of similar nature, and placed in a kind of angular figure with the stone now remaining, were to be seen there, but as they were hurtful to the ground, had been destroyed and removed.

—The traditional account given of this place is in no wise to be credited: “That  
“ it

“ it was a Roman theatre, where criminals had been exposed to wild beasts ;  
“ and that those stones were placed for  
“ the refuge and respite of the combatant  
“ in his unhappy conflict.”

—The name of Maybrough induced us to believe, that this had been a British fortification, and that the name was a corruption of Maiden Burg, a title given to many fortresses which were esteemed impregnable, and which were boasted never to have known a conqueror ;—but the large stone placed within the plain, and those said to have been defaced within the memory of man, confounded this conjecture, and prompted us to an idea, that the whole was a druidical monument, and the name of it Mayberie \*,

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or

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\* Antiquarians have frequently confounded BURY, for  
BERIE ;

or Maleberge\*.—The elevated plain, the surrounding woods, and this strange rude pillar, render it probable, that this was a temple of the druids, where, under the solemn shade of the consecrated grove, they had exercised their religious rites, and taught the multitude; and also held those convocations in which they determined the rights of the people, and administered public justice.—Perhaps when they were driven out of Mona, and fled before the Roman sword, they might  
for-

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BERIE; —the one implying the tomb of some great or remarkable personage; the latter, Berie, being the name of a plain or vale, surrounded with groves and forests, and held sacred by the ancient Britons.

Lord COKE.

\* MALEBERGE, Mon's Placiti; —a hill where the people assembled at a court like our assizes, which by the Scots and Irish are called Parley Hills.

DU CANGE.

fortify their sacred places, and gather their people into such strong holds, to resist the power which had avowed their extirpation.

We viewed the CHURCH OF PENRITH in the afternoon, a handsome new building of red free stone, well galleried, and ornamented in the modern stile;—the pillars are remarkable, being one single stone. The following inscription, on a stone placed in the wall, is singular:

AD. MDXCVIII

Ex gravi peste que regionibus hisce  
incubuit, obierunt apud

Penrith 2260

Kendal 2500

Richmond 2200

Carlisle 1196

Posteris

Avortite vos et virite

Ezek. 18th—32—

M 2

The

The plague raged in London in the thirty-sixth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the church-yard is a very remarkable monument, apparently of great antiquity ;—two pillars are placed in a direction, east and west, distant from each other fifteen feet ;—at the sides of the tomb two stones are placed, with an edge upwards, of a kind of semicircular form :—These side stones do not, at present, shew any marks of the sculptor, tho' some have conjectured they represented boars. —The pillars are of one piece, formed like the antient spears, and about ten feet in height ;—the shafts are round for about seven feet high, above which they run into a square, and appear to have terminated in a point ; where the square point commences, there are the remains of a narrow belt of ornamental frieze work.—

The



The stones are so much hurt by time, that it is not possible to ascertain, whether the upper parts of these pillars have been adorned with figures or born any inscription.—I must beg leave to dissent from the opinion of those who have presumed this was the tomb of some of the Warwicks; and as their reason alledge, these were the representations of bears and a ragged staff, the device of that family; I am induced to believe this is rather the monument of some British hero of distinction; the custom of placing pillars at the head and foot of sepulchres is very ancient, I have seen it mentioned in many of our historians, that in the time of Richard the first, the bones of Arthur, the famous King of Britain, were said to have been found at Glastonbury, in an old sepulchre; to denote which stood two pillars, one at the head, the other at the feet,

feet, on which some inscription had been cut, but could not then be read:— in the notes to a book intitled the history of the Rebellion 1745, this monument is mentioned, and said to be set up in memory of a famous old warrior, Sir Ewen Cæfarius of great strength, who was renowned for his exploits in Inglewood forest, in the destruction of wild boars.

In our next excursion from Penrith, we past by the antient seat of the Musgraves, called EDEN HALL, at the distance of three miles; a stone structure, built in the taste of the time of the Charles's.— Every part of the river Eden which we visited was picturesque and beautiful; pretty lawns and meadows, and here and there fine hanging groves, were dispersed on its banks, whilst the borders of the channel were beautified with rocks, and  
the

the stream flowed in meandrings or cascades\*.

Near to LITTLE SALKELD, on the summit of a large hill, inclining a little towards the north, we had the pleasure of seeing a large and perfect druidical monument, called by the country people MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS.

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\* Camden tells us, “ that Eden having given Eimot  
“ entertainment, he turneth his course northward by  
“ both the Salkelds, watering as he goes several obscure  
“ villages and fortresses; amongst which, at the Less  
“ Salkeld, there are erected in form of a circle seventy-  
“ seven stones, every one ten feet high, and a special one  
“ by itself before them at the very entrance riseth fifteen  
“ feet in height; this stone the common people dwelling  
“ near the place call Long Meg, and the rest her  
“ daughters. Within this ring, or circle, are heaps of  
“ stones, under which they say lie interred the bodies of  
“ men slain in battle; and indeed there is reason to think  
“ that this was a monument of some victory there at-  
“ chieved, for no man could conjecture that they were  
“ erected in vain.”

—A circle of three hundred and fifty paces circumference is formed by maffy ftones, moft of which remain ftanding upright;—theſe are fixty-feven in number, of various qualities, unhewn or touched with any tool, and ſeem by their form to have been gathered from the ſurface of the earth;—ſome are of blue and grey liſtſtone, ſome of granite, and ſome flints;—many of them which were ſtanding meaſured from twelve to fifteen feet in girt, and ten feet in height; others were of an inferior ſize.—At the ſouthern ſide of this circle, at the diſtance of ſeventeen paces from its neareſt member, is placed an upright ſtone naturally of a ſquare form, being a red free-ſtone, with which the country about Penrith abounds.—This ſtone is placed with one of its angles towards the circle, is near fifteen feet in girt, and eighteen feet high; each angle  
of

of its square answering to a cardinal point. —In the most contiguous part of the circle four large stones are placed in a square form, as if they had constructed or supported the altar: And towards the east, west, and north, two large stones are placed, a greater distance from each other than any of the rest, as if they had formed the entrances into this mystic round.—What creates great astonishment to the spectator is, that no such stones, or any quarry or bed of stones are to be found within a great distance of this place; and how such massy bodies could be moved, in an age when the mechanical powers were little known, is not to be conceived.

—Whilst we stood admiring this place the following thoughts occurred to my memory.

N

—— “ Mark

—— “ Mark yon altar,

—— “ This wide circus,

“ Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul

“ As if the very genius of the place

“ Himself appeared, and with terrific tread

“ Stalk'd through this drear domain.”—

“ Know that thou stands on consecrated ground;

“ The mighty pile of magic-planted rock,

“ Thus rang'd in mystic order, marks the place

“ Where but at times of holiest festival,

“ The druid leads his train\*.”

My ideas wandered in the fields of imagination over the druids sacrifice of the milk-white steers, consecrated by the mistletoe.—I reflected on the trembling enthusiastic multitudes, who here perhaps had assembled to hear the priestly dictates touching government, and moral conduct;—to learn the druids arrogant philosophy and superstitions, and cherish an implicit faith of the immortality of  
man's

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\* Mason's Characterus.

man's intellectual spirit, though in transmigration to reptiles and beasts of prey.—Perhaps here Princes submissively have stood to hear the haughty druid exclaim—

“Thou art a king, a sovereign o'er frail men;

“I am a druid, servant of the Gods;

“Such service is above such sovereignty\*.”

In the number of stones Camden was mistaken, as they are only sixty-seven in all. He took many of his northern remarks from hearsay only, from whence he was liable to the errors discovered in him.—As to the heaps of stones within the circle, which he was told covered those slain in fight, there is not the least appearance of any such thing.—Since the monuments of Mona, now Anglesey, have been so learnedly visited and de-

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fined,



fined, there is not the least reason to doubt this at Salkeld is a druidical monument, from its similarity to those remaining there.

Near to a place called Ninechurches we visited two caves; the one hollowed in the rock of a circular form, with seats cut in its sides; the roof being supported in the midst by a rude pillar of mason work; this is called the Giant's cave;—the other cave is also circular, with a stone table in the midst.—There is no tradition to lead one to conjecture by whom these caves were made;—their antiquity is greatly to be doubted; they seem as if they had been the work of some religious, for retirement; but the name of no such person remains to us.

—We also visited a place called Force Mill, near to Great Salkeld, where a cave  
was

was said to be the object of travellers curiosity;—here we found some seats cut under the shelves of a rock, commanding a romantic view upon the river Eden; but no otherwise remarkable.—The falls of the river, the hanging rocks, rich meadows, and hills cloathed with wood, presented us with prospects which amply repaid the disappointment our curiosity sustained.

We lamented to see such extensive wafts and uncultivated lands, adjoining to so beautiful a place as Penrith, whose situation must necessarily circumscribe its trade.

The women of this country are remarkably beautiful;—the bold unintelligent stare, the fluttering inconsistent pertness, and lisping nonsense, so characteristic of the sex in southern counties,  
are

are here totally neglected, for intelligent looks cloathed in modesty, and politeness united with simplicity of manners.

We had the pleasure of seeing some botanical paintings, executed by Miss Calvin, of this place, which in delicacy of colouring, and taste in the disposition of the foliage and flowers, together with the justness of the work, may vie with any painting of that kind in Europe.—To the honour of Lady Mary Lowther, this young Lady is under her patronage, by whom, it is not to be doubted, her extraordinary merit will be made known to the world.

—This place owns another very remarkable genius, Mr Fawell; who, tho' blind from his infancy, can perform any piece of musical composition on the harpsicord,

ficord, having the piece set by wooden pins in a board, after the manner of a cribbage board; which, after perusing by the feeling of his fingers, from the strong retention of his memory, he performs with great accuracy.

The way from PENRITH to KESWICK, though a good turnpike, is yet very dull and tedious; for, during the course of eighteen miles, we met with nothing to amuse, till we arrived near the place.—The mountains we passed are of various figures, and some very lofty; and as we still advanced nearer to Keswick, they straitened the valley in which we rode.

—We now gained a view of the vale of ST JOHN'S; a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meandrings, washing little inclosures of grass ground,  
which

which stretch up the risings of the hills. —In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre:—This massive bulwark shews a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets, and its ragged battlements;—we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses;—the greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture;—the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

—The travellers curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach; when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural arts  
and

and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by incantment transform the magic walls upon his approach.—The vale seems like the habitation of such beings;—its gloomy recesses and retirements look like the haunts of evil spirits;—there was no delusion in the report, we were soon convinced of its truth;—for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near to it changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains; and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of THE CASTLE ROCKS OF ST JOHN'S.

—The delusion afforded us matter of laughter till we descended towards the vale of Keswick.

O

The

The town of KESWICK, lying in a deep valley, was not to be seen till we were within a very little distance.—As we descended the hill a fine prospect opened upon us;—the hills on the right of the road are very grand, enclosures of meadow and pasture take up about one-third of the ascent; the creeks are every where grown with wood, which climbs up shade above shade; and their crowns are covered with herbage and heath. Beneath us laid a plain of about three miles diameter, diversified with plots of corn, agreeably mingling with the meadows, and here and there little cops of ashes.—The Lake of BASNET, which has nothing remarkable to engage the traveller's attention but a long canal of water, terminated the plain to the right, the Lake of Keswick to the left; around which, mountains piled on mountains made an awful circle,



circle, and seemed to shut them in from all the world.

—KESWICK is but a mean village, without any apparent trade ;—the houses are homely and dirty ;—there is a town house in the market place, said to be erected out of the ruins of Lord Darnwater's mansion, but of the most uncouth architecture.—There are very indifferent accommodations here for travellers.—Nothing is more disagreeable to people who wish to see every thing that is curious in a place they visit, than to meet with a drunken soporiferous Innkeeper, whose small share of natural intelligence is totally absorbed, and who has nothing remaining of human, but his distorted image, and his impertinence.—Such was our host at Keswick.

From a short description of the beauties

of Kefwick, which was written by the late ingenious Dr Brown, and which we had then in our hands, we were impatient to enter upon the Lake; and thought every delay irksome, which kept us from the enchanting scene\*.

—We

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▼ *Dr BROWN's* LETTER, *printed at* NEWCASTLE  
*in the year* 1767.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes: but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are but poor miniatures of Kefwick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine, and more if possible in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Kefwick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living Lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed,  
and

—We hasted thither, and from Cock-  
SHOOT-HILL took a general survey of the  
Lake ;

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and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and brushwood. But at Kefwick, you will on one fide of the Lake, fee a rich and beautiful landfkip of cultivated fields, rifing to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily difperfed; and climbing the adjacent hills, fhade above fhade, in the moft various and picturefque forms. On the moft oppofite fhore, you will find rocks and cliffs of ftupendous height, hanging broken over the Lake in horrible grandeur, fome of them a thoufand feet high, the woods climbing up their fteep and fhaggy fides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On thefe dreadful heights the eagles build their nefts: A variety of waterfalls are feen pouring from their fummits, and tumbling in vaft fheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: While on all fides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rife round, piercing the clouds in fhapas as fpiry and fantaftic, as the very rocks of Dove-dale. To this I muft add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the Lake, forming noble bays and  
pro-

Lake; which though inferior in size to Hull's-water, is yet very different in its beauties,

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promontories: In other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt casms or clefts, through which at hand, you see rich and cultivated vales, and beyond these at various distance, mountains rising over mountains; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,  
And pictures things unseen.

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Kefwick consists of three circumstances, beauty, horror, and immensity united; the second of which is alone found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little: Nature having left it almost a desert: Neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills admit magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Kefwick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the Lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging

beauties, and afforded us many delightful scenes.—The water, which still bears  
the

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ing woods; and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the Majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the Lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: Now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, and the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects  
pro-

the name of *DERNWATER*, tho' embodied in so great a Lake, said to be ten miles in  
cir-

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produce is no less wonderful and pleasing : The ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the Lake, the woods, the grass and corn fields : These are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs ; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills ; at others, you see clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace. —When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder ; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the Lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea : But in calm weather the whole scene becomes new ; the Lake is a perfect mirror ; and the landscape in all its beauty, islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself ; where the valley, Lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet ; where this expanse of water ap-  
pears



circumference, was transparent as chrystal, and shining as a mirror; over whose surface five fine islands were dispersed, the nearest in view was covered with yellow corn, the rest cloathed in wood; the hills are lofty, arising on every side from the margin of the Lake.

—Here the mountains were in some parts covered with grafs, in others heath;

P

there

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pears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear above those you have already seen, and rising behind each other in successive ranges, and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains.—Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that a walk by still moon light (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens a scene of such delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceeds all description.



there the rocks were grown with shrubs and brush wood, which hung in their apertures and creeks.—Little valleys of cultivated land presented themselves in the openings and windings of the mountains, and small inclosures, and groves of oaks stretched up the precipitate ascents of every hill, from the brink of the water; save only at the head of the basin, where the mountains were more rugged and romantic.—We hurried to the boat, that we might enjoy the pleasures of this place in their greatest perfection.—The general view was magnificent and beautiful, but we wanted to take each pleasing scene apart.

—We

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\* The following verses are taken from Dr Dalton's Descriptive Poem, in the Continuation of Dodsley's Collection, vol. I.

——“ To nature's pride,  
 “ Sweet Kewick's vale, the muse will guide;  
 “ The

—We ordered the boatmen to coast  
round the nearest island, called VICAR'S

P 2

ISLAND,

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“ The muse who trod th’ enchanted ground,  
“ Who sail’d the wond’rous Lake around ;  
“ With you will haste, once more to hail  
“ The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

“ From savage parent, gentle stream !  
“ Be thou the muses favourite theme ;  
“ O soft, insinuating glide,  
“ Silent along the meadow’s side ;  
“ Smooth o’er the sandy bottom pass,  
“ Resplendent all through fluid glass ;  
“ Unless upon thy yielding breast,  
“ Their heads the painted lillies rest,  
“ To where, in deep capacious bed,  
“ The widely liquid Lake is spread.

“ Let other streams rejoice to roar  
“ Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore ;  
“ Rush raving on with boist’rous sweep,  
“ And foaming rend the frightened deep.  
“ Thy gentle genius shrinks away  
“ From such a rude unequal fray ;

“ Through

ISLAND, containing about six acres of corn land; on the eastern side of which a few

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“ Through thine own native dale, where rise  
“ Tremendous rocks amid the skies,  
“ Thy waves with patience slowly wind,  
“ Till they the smoothest channel find;  
“ Soften the horrors of the scene,  
“ And through confusion flow serene.

“ Horrors like these at first alarm,  
“ But soon with savage grandeur charm,  
“ And raise to noblest thoughts your mind;  
“ Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin’d,  
“ The cragged cliff, impending wood,  
“ Whose shadows mix o’er half the flood,  
“ The gloomy clouds with solemn sail,  
“ Scarce lifted by the languid gale,  
“ O’er the capp’d hill and darken’d vale,  
“ The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,  
“ Which round th’ aerial ocean move,  
“ And, floating on the billowy sky,  
“ With full-expanded pinions fly,  
“ Their flutt’ring, or their bleating prey,  
“ Thence with death-dooming eye survey;

“ Channels

few fycamores formed a little grove, covering a hovel, which varied the hue with

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“ Channels by rocky torrents torn,  
“ Rocks to the Lake in thunder born ;  
“ Or such as o’er our heads appear  
“ Suspended in the mid career,  
“ To start again at his command,  
“ Who rules fire, water, air, and land ;  
“ I view with wonder and delight,  
“ A pleasing, though an awful sight.  
“ For, seen with them, the verdant isles  
“ Soften with more delicious smiles ;  
“ More tempting twine their opening bowers,  
“ More lively flow the purple flowers,  
“ More smoothly slopes the border gay,  
“ In fairer circle bends the bay ;  
“ And last, to fix our wandering eyes,  
“ Thy roofs, O Kefwick, brighter rise  
“ The Lake and lofty hills between,  
“ Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

“ Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail !  
“ To whom all Britain sinks a vale !  
“ Lo, his imperial brow I see,  
“ From foul usurping vapours free !

“ ’Twere

with a rich green, and gave to the whole a picturesque appearance.—Here we found a sweet shade, whilst we hung upon our oars to listen to the sound of the waterfalls, which struck the ear from every side with an agreeable solemnity.

—Now we had the valley to the right opening upon our view, and extending a rich plain towards the north-west, three or four miles in breadth;—the strips of corn, and little groves, scattered here and there, gave the most pleasing variety, when contrasted with the verdure of the  
mown

“ ’Twere glorious now his side to climb,  
 “ Boldly to scale his top sublime !  
 “ And thence—

“ — My muse these flights forbear,  
 “ Nor with wild raptures tire the fair ;  
 “ Hills, rocks, and dales, have been too long  
 “ The subject of my rambling song.”

mown meads, struck by the rays of the morning sun, and happily opposed to the adjoining mountains.—In this vale the church, with some feat houses, shewed their white fronts, over which the mountains arising to the right were stupendous and gloomy, as they stood covered with clouds.—There SKIDDOW raised his head, and, with a peaked brow, overlooked Saddleback and Cawsey-pike, together with a chain of mountains stretching away towards the north-west; whilst, on the other hand, the hills and rocks which stand upon the Basnet-water, form the other wing of an lofty avenue of mountains, which extend into the distant plains.

—We were told by a person we met with at Kefwick, that Skiddow, from the plane of the Lake's surface, is three thousand four hundred and fifty feet in  
per-

perpendicular height; but as we had no means of proving the truth of this calculation, must leave it to others to ascertain\*.

—We coasted the right hand side of the Lake, where the hills gradually retiring from its margin, rise to their summits covered with herbage. Here we had a view of the little valley of NEWLAND, which winds about the feet of the mountains, and with the finest verdure

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\* Since this work was in the press the ingenious Mr Walker, of Manchester, who was in a Course of Lectures on natural philosophy at Stockton upon Tees, favoured me with the following remarks on the altitude of Skiddow:

Barometer at Whitehaven	—	29° 0'	Feet.
Fell same day in ascending the	}	3 6	By table 3530
mountain			
Stood on the top at	—	26 4	
By angle from the Lake of Bassenthwaite to the	}	— — —	2560
top of Skiddow			



dure from the small inclosures of grass ground, refreshes the eye, which had laboured with upstretched looks over the vast heights that on every side shut it in ; —there cattle and sheep were seen pasturing, some little cottages were dispersed amongst the hedge-row ashes, whilst the shadows of the hills suffered the sun-shine to fall only in strips over the vale.

—We landed at ST HERBERT'S ISLAND \*, which contains about five acres of land, now covered with young trees, famous for being the residence of St Herbert, a Priest and Confessor ; who, to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention

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from

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\* Camden, writing of Keswick, says, “ that Darwent “ having his first beginning in Borodale, a valley hemmed in with crooked hills, creepeth between the “ mountains.”

from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode.—The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion ;—he was surrounded by the Lake, which afforded him fish for his diet ;—on every hand the voice of waterfalls excited the solemnest strains of meditation ;—rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, where barrenness and solitude seemed to take up their eternal abode ;—from the situation of this place, nature had given three parts of the year to impetuous hurricanes and storms, the fourth alone provided for the rest.—Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear to this day, being a building of stone, formed into two apartments ; the outward one about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of narrower dimensions.—He was a cotemporary with ST CUTHBERT, and as the legends of  
that

that time say, by the prayers of that faint obtained a joint or equotemporary death with him, in the year of our Lord fix hundred and eighty-eight.

—The passion for solitude and a recluse life, which reigned in the days of this faint, and was cherished by the monastic school, although at first sight may appear to us uncouth and enthusiastic, yet when we examine into those times our astonishment will cease; whilst we consider the estate of those men, who under all the prejudices of education, were living in an age of ignorance, vassalage, and rapine; and we shall rather applaud than condemn a devotee, who disgusted with the world and the sins of men, consigns his life to the service of the deity in retirement.—We may suppose we hear the faint exclaiming with the poet:—

Q 2

“ Bleft

“ Bleft be that hand divine, which gently laid  
 “ My heart at rest, beneathed this humble shed;  
 “ The world’s a stately bark, on dang’rous seas,  
 “ With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:  
 “ Here on a single plank, thrown safe on shore,  
 “ I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
 “ As that of seas remote, or dying storms;  
 “ And meditate on scenes more silent still,  
 “ Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.  
 “ Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
 “ Touching his reed or leaning on his staff,  
 “ Eager ambition’s fiery chace I see;  
 “ I see the circling hunt of noisy men,  
 “ Burst law’s inclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
 “ Pursuing and pursued, each other’s prey;  
 “ As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles,  
 “ Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all \*.

I fell into a reverie, and begun to mut-  
 ter thus to myself:

“ It seems unnatural for man to deny  
 “ himself of the aid and consolation which  
 “ are

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\* Young.

“are derived from society, and to con-  
“temn the sweets of friendship.—The  
“poet says,  
“Poor is the friendless master of a world \*.”

“When we talk of friendship in gene-  
“ral, the friendship of the world, we are  
“amusing ourselves with a superficial  
“view, where objects are so grouped,  
“and colours fall in such a happy assem-  
“blage, that all is beautiful and delight-  
“ing;—but when greater curiosity, or  
“necessity demands a strict survey of the  
“several images which formed this plea-  
“sing prospect, you find, on their sepa-  
“ration, that they lose that excellence  
“which their union or their distance  
“maintained.—There is little of true  
“friendship on this stage to enhance the  
“value of life;—the corruptions of the  
“age

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\* Young.

“ age have contaminated it, and scarce  
“ any thing more is left than the name ;  
“ —when it is even found with confan-  
“ guinity, it is a rare essence, at which  
“ men stand agape.—I have known exam-  
“ ples where genius and merit have  
“ dawned upon a youth, surrounded  
“ with opulent friends, who have stood  
“ gazing on him like statues of stone,  
“ without stretching forth a hand to  
“ save him from poverty ; whilst the fine  
“ gifts that providence had endowed  
“ him with, languished in fetters ; which,  
“ by their patronage, might have been  
“ brought forth and saved, even by the  
“ crumbs which fell from the rich man’s  
“ table.—I doubted not the eye of hea-  
“ ven regarded their insensibility with  
“ kindling wrath, and to reward the sa-  
“ crilege, deprived them of every enjoy-  
“ ment with which the finer feelings of  
“ the soul bless mankind ; and left them  
“ no-

“ nothing but the animal œconomy, and  
“ the disgraced image of humanity.”

—I had shewn some distortions in my agitation through this whispered soliloquy; but uttering these last words with a degree of vehemence, arising on the progress of my ideas, my companion caught me by the arm, and roused me, saying, “ The  
“ boatmen already think they have got a  
“ passenger that is frantic, and express by  
“ their looks their wishes to be rid of  
“ us \*.”

—But

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\* Camden writes, “ that at Newlandside, and elsewhere, copper mines were discovered by Thomas Shurland, and Daniel Hotchstatter, a German, of Auspurge, in our days; and yet the same were known before, as appears by the Close Rolls of King Henry the third. Upon the discovery of these mines, there was a memorable case in law between Queen Elizabeth

“ and



—But to return to our hermit, there is no history of his life and actions to be met with,

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“ and Thomas Piercie, Earl of Northumberland, in  
 “ whose Lordship they were found ; but by reason of  
 “ the Queen’s prerogative, and veins of gold and silver  
 “ discovered therein, they were adjudged to the crown ;  
 “ —here black lead is also found.—Derwent, after its  
 “ passage through these hills, spreads itself into a large  
 “ Lake ; Bede termeth it *Prægrande Stagnum*, wherein  
 “ are three islands, eminent above the water ;—the one  
 “ hath an house of the Ratcliffs, a family of Knight’s de-  
 “ gree ; the second is inhabited by the Dutch mineral  
 “ men ; and the third is thought to be that where Bede  
 “ wrote that St Herbert lived an hermitical life. On  
 “ the very skirt of this vale, in a pleasant soil, encom-  
 “ passed with dewy hills, and sheltered towards the  
 “ north by that high mountain Skiddow, lieth Kefwick ;  
 “ a little town, which King Edward the First made a  
 “ market, by the application of Sir Thomas of Dern-  
 “ water, Lord of the place, from whom it lineally de-  
 “ scended to the family of the Ratcliffs.—As for the  
 “ mountain Skiddow, it riseth up to such a height,  
 “ with two heads like to Parnassus, and with a kind of  
 “ emu-

with, or any tradition of his works of piety, or miracles, preserved by the inhabitants of the country.

—We now pursued our voyage by a noble woody scene, where BRANDELOW PARKE, arising from the edge of the Lake, with stately young oaks, extends its groves over two round hoes or eminences: and behind them, after covering a little intervening valley, rises on the side of a mountain to a considerable height, and forms a woody amphitheatre, fringed with some small strips of corn, which grow under its skirts; whilst all above

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“ emulation looks on Scruffel hill before it, in Annan-  
“ dale in Scotland, that from these two mountains, as  
“ the misty clouds rise or fall, the people of the country  
“ make their prognostications of the change of weather,  
“ and have this proverb :

“ If Skiddow hath a cap,

“ Scruffel wots weel of that.”

are stupendous hills and rocks. — The strait boles of the trees, together with the verdure of the ground under their shadow, which was perceived a great depth in the grove, by reason of the distance at which the trees stood from each other, formed an uncommon and solemn scene, which being again represented by the reflection of the water, seemed like enchanted haunts, where driads met with nays, in the happy regions of the genius of the Lake.

—We arrived at the borders of MANISTY MEADOW, a flat of a few acres at the foot of the mountains, where we anchored our boat to enjoy the pleasures of the situation:—to the left, the nearest object was a wooded island, edged with rocks, behind which Brandelow Park, and oaken groves, drest in the deepest green,

covered the hills which arose immediately from the margin of the Lake, and from thence stretched up the foot of CATBELL's mountain, which laid so near to us, that it required the eye which viewed its summit to be turned upwards directly to heaven;—on our right, at the distance of about one hundred yards, laid another small island, on whose rocky margin brush wood and willows hung fantastically; above whose thickets the distant shores were seen, where the mighty cliffs of FALCON and WALLOW CRAGS projecting, shewed their grotesque and tremendous brows, in a lofty line of rocks; beneath the feet of which a strip of cultivated lands and woods shot forth a verdant promontory, which sunk gradually into the Lake;—in the centre of this view, after stretching the eye for the distance of three miles over a basin of the clearest and

smoothest water, spreading its bosom to the noontide sun, is a large mount, called CASTLE-HEAD ROCKS, rising in a cone, and covered with oak wood ; behind which a lofty mountain raised its brown brow, drest in heath and sun-burnt herbage, exceeded only by SKIDDOW, covered with blue vapour, and capped with clouds, which terminated the prospect.

—HULL'S-WATER gives you a few, but noble and extensive scenes, which yield astonishment ; whilst KESWICK abounds with variety, with wilder and more romantic prospects.

—After passing BANK PARK, a rocky and barren promontory, on which a few scattered trees looked deplorably aged and torn, we entered a fine bay, where the mountains rise immediately out of the Lake ; here standing perpendicular,  
there

there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion, as being piled heap on heap from the convulsions of chaos in the beginning ; and in other parts shelving and hanging over the Lake, as if they threatened an immediate fall ;—the whole forming a stupendous circus.

—To describe this view is difficult, as no expression can convey an idea of the subject, where the wild variety consists only of various features of the same objects ; rocks and mountains forming and constituting the parts of this massive theatre.—In the front of this romantic scene a small mount presents itself, covered with herbage ; small from the mighty stature and gigantic members of the other parts of the prospect.—Overlooking this mount stands a round rock, pushing his mountainous brow into the clouds. On the summit of the mount,  
sweetly

sweetly contrasted by the grey rocks behind, there grows, with peculiar picturesque beauties, a single ancient oak. —The Lake beneath was a perfect mirror—

“ O’er which the giant oak, himself a grove,  
 “ Flings his romantic branches, and beholds  
 “ His rev’rend image in th’ expanse below \*.

—On each hand the cliffs and mountains are strewed over with bushes and shrubs, down whose sides small streams of water trill, like so many threads of silver, giving a delicate mixture to the greyness of the rocks over which they passed, and which in many places arise perpendicular, and are rent into a thousand rude columns, as if they had been torn by thunderbolts; in other places they are of a tamer aspect, and compacted  
 in

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\* Mafon’s Garden.



in one solid mass, stand with firmness as the pillars of the antediluvian world.—Where the hills were separated, little vales filled with wood, or narrow winding dells of grass ground, twist around their feet, and give a happy variegation to the view.—In some places clefts in the rocks afforded a prospect into a valley behind; in others, the overhanging cliffs formed rude arches and apertures, through which distant mountains were discovered.—Behind all were mountains piled on mountains, where the clouds rolled in heavy volumes, giving a gloominess to those regions of confusion and barrenness, which rendered the lustre of the shining Lake, and the streams of light which fell upon the rocks, waterfalls, and shrubs, brighter and more pleasing.—Here—

“ E’en in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell,

“ ————— Shall Contemplation imp

“ Her

“ Her eagle plumes; the poet here shall hold  
 “ Sweet converse with his muse; the curious sage;  
 “ Who comments on great nature’s ample tome,  
 “ Shall find that volume here.—For here are caves  
 “ Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song  
 “ Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,  
 “ Where thro’ the tremulous foliage darts the ray  
 “ That gilds the poet’s day-dream \*.”——

In the cliffs in this part of the Lake  
 eagles build their nests, far removed  
 above the reach of gunshot, and undisturbed  
 by men; for no adventurous foot  
 ever dared to assail their lofty habitation.  
 In the sight of the cottager hither they  
 bring the spoils of the fold, or the field,  
 to feed their young, superior to the wrath  
 of the injured.

—On these shores a salt spring of very  
 salubrious quality is found, but like the  
 ful-

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\* Mafon’s Garden.

fulpher spring of Hull's-water, is neglected.

—We next visited a very extraordinary phenomenon, an island about forty yards in length and thirty in breadth, grown over with rushes, reeds, grass, and some willows.—We would have landed upon it, but as the water was said to be forty fathom deep in that place, and the attempt rather hazardous, we desisted, and had not the means of inquiring particularly into its nature.—This island arose about four perpendicular feet above the surface of the water on which it floated; —from its magnitude we were not able with one boat to try whether it would move, from the perpendicular line of its then station, or whether it was bound to and connected with the bottom of the Lake by the roots of any aquatic plants which appeared upon its surface.

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—The boatmen told us that it had not floated for two years before ; and that it is seen at many seasons, by reason of the clearness of the water, a great way from the surface in its action of rising or subsiding, as it frequently descends to and rests upon the bottom of the Lake ; but it never shifts its station.—This change of floating or sinking cannot be effected by any greater or less quantity of water in the Lake, at any one season ; for on enquiry we found in the rainy seasons the Lake is very little encreased in height, its outlets receiving the additional water as fast as it flows in.

—We now pushed up the river which feeds the Lake, and anchored near a little but pleasant habitation, called LOCHDOOR, or LODORE ; a place perfectly adapted for the abode of a recluse,  
and

and much preferable to St Herbert's Island, lying open to the southern sun, sheltered from the north by mighty mountains, which almost overhang it; and fronting to the widest part of the basin, it commands a view of the several islands, Manisty meadows, and Brandelow parks, with their oaken groves hanging from the ascent of the mountains shade above shade;—Catbell's, and the adjoining crags, surmounting all.

—We were landed on a plain of meadow ground which descended to the edge of the water, over which we passed to an adjoining wood at the foot of the rocks, behind the Lodore house.—After winding through several passes in these groves and thickets, we gained a situation where we were delighted with the noble objects which presented themselves to our view.

—Around us was spread a grove, formed of tall young oaks, ash, and birch trees, which gave an agreeable coolness and shade;—above the trees, with uplifted looks, to the right we viewed a mountain of rock, called Shepherds Crag, forming a rude circular mass, shelving from the foot towards its crown in a spiral form; on every plane of which and every step that hung upon its sides, herbage and shrubs grew fantastically whilst the very summit wore a verdant cap of grass.—To the left there arose a perpendicular grey cliff, said to be a thousand feet in height from the Lake, rent into innumerable fissures, and standing like massive columns in rude arrangement, to support the seeming ruins of a shattered tower, grown white with storms, and overlooking Shepherds Crag some hundred feet.—In the opening between these  
stu-

stupendous rocks, the river pours its whole stream, forming a grand cascade near two hundred perpendicular feet high;—as the channel is rugged, the water makes a sheet of foam, and roars amongst the caverns and the cliffs, so that you are deprived of hearing any thing beside its tumult;—reaching the wood, where the descent is less precipitate, it winds amongst the trees, some times shewing itself, and at others totally concealed, whilst it serpentine towards the Lake.—The spray which is dashed around the rocks, and carried upon the breeze, where ever it meets the rays of the sun, through the openings of the cliffs, takes the colours of the rainbow.

—One would conceive Thompson had this cataract in his eye, when he wrote his seasons:

“ Smooth



“ Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood  
 “ Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all  
 “ In one impetuous torrent down the steep  
 “ It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
 “ At first, an azure sheet it rushes, broad ;  
 “ Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,  
 “ And from the loud resounding rocks below,  
 “ Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 “ A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless show’r.  
 “ Nor can the tortur’d wave here find repose,  
 “ But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
 “ Now flashes o’er the scattered fragments, now  
 “ Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts,  
 “ And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 “ With wild inflected course and less’ned roar  
 “ It gains a safer bed, and steals at last  
 “ Along the mazes of the quiet vale.”

On turning from this grand spectacle,  
 the greatest beauties of this Lake are  
 thrown into one prospect :—The ground  
 whereon we stood was rugged and rocky,  
 shadowed with trees ;—looking over a  
 rich bosom of wood, below us lay the  
 Lodore meadows, where groups of cattle  
 were

were dispersed, and by the shore some carpenters were repairing their boats, a circumstance which enlivened the scene ; —the shining Lake laid in one smooth plane, reflecting the azure sky chequered with clouds : over which the vicar's island, yellow with corn, and the woody islands, were fortunately arranged ; —the mountains, whose feet were trimmed with wood, lay in long perspective to the left ; —Castlehead, with its embowered cone and Lord's Island arising from the opposite shore, intervened between us and the vale of Keswick, which laid on the back ground, coloured with all the beauteous tinctures of summer ; over which the awful Skiddow, with his inferior race of mountains, frowned in azure majesty, and closed the scene.

—Here were all those beauties of colouring which the late Dr Brown described :

scribed: "The natural variety and colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful than pleasing; the ruling tints of the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the Lake, the woods, the grass, and corn fields; these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs, and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains."

—In this prospect one finds all the order and beauty of colouring mentioned by Maſon:

—— "Vivid green,  
 " Warm brown, and black opaque, the foreground bears,  
 " Conspicuous;—sober olive coldly marks  
 " The second distance; thence the third declines  
 " In softer blue, or less'ning still, is lost  
 " In faintest purple."——

Claude

Claude in his happiest hour 'never struck out a finer landskip; it has every requisite which the pencil can demand, and is perhaps the only view in England which can vie with the sublime scenes from which that painter formed his taste.

We now returned to our boat, an-ailing within some little distance of the shore, had a view of the waterfall, where the beauties of the Lake to the south east lay in a pleasing perspective;—we looked over a small part of the basin, from whence to the left a stupendous mountain of rock arose, on whose skirts, and in the rents and clefts of whose sides, trees and shrubs climbed almost to the very summit;—before us laid the wood from which we had lately passed, under whose shade Lodore house and inclosures

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were

were seen inclining towards the Lake; above which the lofty precipice, the waterfall, and Shepherds Crag, were seen in all their variety of beauties; whilst all beyond the mountains formed a crescent, enclasping a sheet of water of two miles circuit.—Mountain behind mountain, and rock behind rock, fell here in fine perspective, and brought to our minds those astonishing scenes which characterize the pencil of Salvator.

—We passed from hence, in our return to Keswick, by the coast, where we were shewn a cliff that projected over the Lake, called EVE'S CRAG, from its bearing some similitude to a female Colossian statue.—We next passed WALLOW CRAG, in which a large opening is formed by the parting of the rocks, bearing the name of Lady's Rake, from the escape  
which

which Lady Dernwater made there, by climbing these horrid and stupendous heights with such jewels and valuables as she could secure, when her unfortunate Lord was apprehended for a traitor.

We now reached Lord's Island, containing some few acres covered with wood, where are the remains of a mansion of the Dernwater family. Formerly this was only a peninsula, but when the place was made the residence of the Radcliffs and Dernwaters it was severed from the main land by a ditch, over which was thrown a draw-bridge.—This must have been a beautiful retirement.—Travellers cannot behold the ruins of this place without yielding a sigh for the sins of the world, and bewailing the dire effects which attend on ambition and the crimes of princes.

—We visited a DRUIDICAL MONUMENT within about two miles of Kewick, situate to the south of the road which we had passed from Penrith.

—This monument is placed on a plain, formed on the summit of a hill, around which the adjoining mountains make a solemn circle;—it is composed of stones of various forms, natural and unhewn; they seemed to have been collected from the surface, but from what lands it is impossible to conjecture, most of them being a species of granite.—These stones are fifty in number, and are set in a form not exactly circular, the diameter being thirty paces from east to west, and thirty-two from north to south; at the eastern end a small inclosure is formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square



square in conjunction with the stones of that side of the circle, seven paces in length, and three in width within. In this place we conjectured the altar had been erected.—At the opposite side a single square stone is laid at the distance of three paces from the circle ;—possibly this may have been broken off, and is only the foot of such a column as Long Meg in the Salkeld monument, which may have been used to bind the victims to.—The stones forming the outward line are some of them standing erect, others fallen, and the same observation is to be made as to the appearance of entrances as at Salkeld.—The stones here are of various sizes, some of the largest of those which are standing being near eight feet in height, and fifteen feet in circumference.

—A clergyman whose property the  
pasture

pasture ground is, in which this monument stands, and with whom we gained an acquaintance during our stay at Kefwick, told us he was determined to destroy the place, as it prejudiced his ground; so that perhaps by these sacrilegious hands, the curious will shortly be deprived of this valuable piece of antiquity.

A late discovery has been made of large quantities of black lead, (a mineral peculiar to this country, and no where else to be found in Europe) amongst the gravel and earth on the shore of Vicar's island.—Whether it has lodged there by the floods, or how otherwise been collected, is not known; but so valuable the discovery was thought, that it occasioned an enquiry by what means the whole Lake might be drained: conceiving that from this specimen, immense wealth would

would be obtained by such an undertaking.

—The fish of this Lake are trouts, pike, eels, and perch.

The romantic scenes upon the Lake induced us to take a boat at night, under the favour of the moon, which was near the full ;—we began our voyage soon after the moon was risen, and she had illumined the top of Skiddow, but from the intercepting mountains had not within the ascent of an hour reached the Lake ;—we were surrounded with a solemn gloom ;—the stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in all their variety of sounds, were re-echoed from every cavern ;—the summits of the rocks began to receive the rising rays, and seemed to be crowned  
with

with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round.— As the light advanced, objects arose to view, as if surging on the first morning from chaos;—the water was a plain of sable, sprinkled over with gems, reflected from the starry firmament;—the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were hid in darkness, and all was one grave and majestic circle of shadow —

—— “ till the moon

“ Rising in cloudy majesty, at length

“ Aparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,

“ And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw \*.”

—When the long protracted shadows of the mountains cast on the bosom of the Lake, shewed the vastness of those masses from whence they proceeded; and still as the moon arose higher in the horizon,  
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\* Milton's Paradise Lost.

the distant objects began to be illumined, and the whole presented us with a noble moonlight piece, delicately touched by the hand of nature; and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters.

—Mists began to arise on the Lake, and by reason of the air which bore them aloft, being confined and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and carried upwards like a column, which so soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light.

—I recollect that Maupertuis describing the Lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, speaks of a Phenomenon of the like nature, which the people called *Haltios*, and which they esteemed to be the

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guardian spirits of the place.—Be these as they might, we may venture to assert, no druid, no St Herbert, no genius, had a more glorious ascension.]

—The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and islands, with a meekness of colouring, which added to the solemnity of the night, and these noble and romantic objects, struck us with reverence and inspired the mind with pious sentiments and ejaculations.—It was observable, that by day we were incessantly communicating our raptures and surprise on each new wonder that opened to our view,—we now enjoyed them in silence.

—Every bay, and each promontary, assumed an appearance very different from what it had by day light;—the little  
dells



dells which wind around the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes; where we might have wandered with delight through the whole night.

—Where the Lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards BORDALE, the rocks looked horrible, almost shutting us in from the face of heaven, which could be beheld only by looking immediately upright; the cliffs were struck with scanty gleams of light, which gained their passage through the interstices of the hills, or chasms in the rocks, and served only to discover their tremendous overhanging fronts; their mighty caverns, where the water struck by our oars made a hollow sound, their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging shrubs with which they were bearded, their sparkling water-

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falls



falls that trilled from shelf to shelf, the whole half seen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and horrible magnificence.

The pursuit which engaged us the next morning was to gain the summit of SKIDDOW, which by the winding pass we were obliged to make afforded a laborious ascent of five miles.—The prospect which we gained from this eminence very well rewarded our fatigue ;—to the south east we had a view over the tops of mountains, one succeeding to or overlooking the other ; a scene of chaos and mighty confusion : this was the prospect which Dr Brown described by the image of “ a tempestuous sea of mountains ; ”—below us laid the Lake with all the beauties of its margin, together with the vale of Keswick, and the waters of Basnet,  
as

as if delineated on a chart.—To the south, the hills towards Cockermouth, though less rugged and romantic than those towards the south east, were yet no less stupendous.—To the north west we had the prospect of a wide and barren heath, extending its plains to Carlisle, and terminated by the mountains of Scotland.—To the north east we regained the prospect of that spacious circus in which Penrith stands, the Queen of the vale, overtopped by Cross Fell, which forms the most distant back ground.

—The air was remarkably sharp and thin, compared with that from which we passed in the valley; and respiration seemed to be performed with a kind of asthmatic oppression.

—Whilst we remained upon the mountain;

tain, over the hills which lay between Kefwick and Cockermouth dense and dark vapours began to arife; and in a little time, as they advanced upon a fouth weft wind, concealed from us thofe heights which we had viewed half an hour before clear and diftinct.—Our guide was very earneft with us to quit the mountain, as he prognoficated a ftorm was collecting, and we fhould be in danger of being wet, or in hazard of lofing our way in the heavy vapour, which he affured us would foon cover Skiddow;—the circumftance was too fingular to be left by people curious in their obfervations on natural events; we defired our guide would take care of himfelf, and leave us to our pleafure, but the good attendant had a due fenfe of our impropriety in wifhing to be left there, and determined to abide by us.  
—The

—The clouds advanced towards us with accelerated speed ;—a hollow blast sounded amongst the hills and dells which lay below us, and seemed to fly from the approaching darkness ;—the vapour rolled down the opposite valley of Newland, and appeared to tumble in mighty sheets and volumes from the brow of each mountain, into the vale of Kefwick, and over the Lakes.

—Whilst we stood to admire this phenomenon the mighty volumes of clouds which we beheld below us gradually ascended, and we soon found the summit of Skiddow totally surrounded, whilst we on every side looked down upon an angry and impetuous sea, heaving its billows, as if boiling from the bottom ; we were rejoicing in this grand spectacle of nature, and thinking ourselves fortunate in having beheld so extraordinary  
an

an event, when, to our astonishment and confusion, a violent burst of thunder engendered in the vapour below us stunned our sense, being repeated from every rock, and down every dell, in the most horrid uproar; at the same time, from the agitation of the air, the mountain seemed to tremble;—at the time of the explosion, the clouds were instantaneously illuminated, and from innumerable chasms sent forth streams of lightning. — Our guide laid upon the earth terrified and amazed, in his ejaculations accusing us of presumption and impiety; — danger made us solemn indeed, we had no where to fly for safety, no place to cover our heads; to descend was to rush into the very inflammable vapour from whence our perils proceeded, to stay was equally hazardous; for now the clouds which had received such a concussion by the thunder ascended higher and higher, enveloping

loping the whole mountain, and letting fall a heavy shower of rain;—we thought ourselves happy even under this circumstance, to perceive the storm turning northwestward, and to hear the next thunderclap burst in the plain beyond Basnet water.—A like event has frequently happened to travellers in the heights of the Alps, from whence the thunder storms are seen passing over the countries beneath them.

—The echoes from the mountains which bordered Kefwick Lake, from Newland, from Borodale, from Lodore, were noble, and gave a repetition of the thunder-claps distinctly, though distant, after an intermission of several seconds tremendous silence.

—The rain, which still increased, formed innumerable streams and cascades,

X

which



which rushed from the crown of Skiddow, Saddle-back, and Cawsey-pike, with a mighty noise; but we were deprived of the beauty of these waterfalls by the intercepting vapour, which was not to be penetrated by the eye more than a few yards before us.

—We descended the hill wet and fatigued, and were happy when we regained our inn at Kefwick; which we now esteemed a paradise, although we had despised it before for its dirtiness and inconvenience.

We took leave of our slovenly and befotted host, and pursued our rout from Kefwick to AMBLESIDE, a stage of eighteen miles.

—For romantic, mountainous, and wild scenes, this stage affords the finest  
ride



ride in the north of England ; the whole road lying in a narrow and winding dell, confined by a stupendous range of mountains on either hand.—In some places the vale is not wider than merely to admit the road, in other places it opens in little valleys, and again is shut in various forms.—We passed near the rocks of ST JOHN'S, which on nearer view lost most of their grotesque appearance ; and as we winded by the feet of these lofty hills, creeks filled with wood afforded us many pretty, though narrow land skips ; through which little rills, arising on the sides of the mountains, poured down their hasty and gurgling waters.—The rain which had fallen the day before improved the beauties of the place ;—the cascades were innumerable, and their figures various ;—at one point of view we took in nine cascades, falling from eminences seven or eight hundred feet per-

pendicular height;—where some of them fell from the very brows of the hills, they appeared as strings of silver, but descending further spread into sheets of foam, and, before they reached the middle of the hills, tumbled headlong from precipice to precipice, with a confused noise.—Every turn of the road, and every valley, gave us a new scene;—the prospects were ever changing and diversified.

At length we reached a narrow Lake, called LAYS-WATER, where the vale widened;—scattered trees and some little inclosures adorned its margin, and here and there a cottage.—We rode by the side of this Lake for the distance of two miles, so far it stretched along the vale, on every hand enjoying little rural scenes, which renewing to us a succession of pastoral images which we had collected from  
the

the poets in our early years, when the young mind was charmed with romance, and the most fantastic ideas of rural innocence, retirement, and love.

—Neither did these images pass in the imagination only, for in this sequestered vale we met with a female native full of youth, innocence, and beauty;—simplicity adorned her looks with modesty, and hid her down-cast eye; virgin apprehension covered her with blushes, when she found herself stayed by two strangers; and as she turned her eyes for an instant upon us, they smote us with all the energy of unaffected innocence, touched with doubtfulness;—her lips, which in the sweetest terms expressed her apprehension, shewed us teeth of ivory; and on her full forehead ringlets of auburn flowed carelessly: a delicacy of proportion was  
seen

seen over her whole figure, which was easy and elegant as nature's self.

—My companion, in a rapture, snatched out his pencil, and began to imitate; but the unaffected impatience, and sweet confusion of the maid, overcame our wishes to detain her, and we let her pass reluctantly.

After this little adventure we jogged on, silent, and wrapped up each in his own cogitations, till we began to descend the hill towards the valley of GRASMERE; —we were roused by the unexpected beauties of the scene, and, as if moved by one thought, we stopped, gazed at each and smiled, before we could condescend to snatch ourselves from the ideal pleasures we had been enjoying.—We were each conscious of our situation, and at length  
laughed

laughed aloud; no otherwife communicating our sentiments but by our looks, which fufficiently explained our fimpathe-  
tic and filent delight.

We were charmed with the view of GRASMERE, a retirement furrounded by hills on every hand; the vale is about four miles in circumference, of meadow and pasture ground;—near the middle of this valley is a fine Lake, beautified with an ifland.—From a mount a little diftance from the church we viewed the whole circle, delighted with the fituation;—the fields were full of frefhnefs and verdure, the fcene was ornamented with a few humble cottages difperfed on the borders of the Lake, amongst which the facred fane flood folemnly fuperior;—the hills were here and there graced with a few  
trees;

trees, and animated by white flocks of sheep.—It seemed to be the vale of peace.

We had not passed far from this sweet sequestered scene before we entered RIDALE, where we were again charmed with new retreats, and happy retirements.

—Here we found a cultivated vale, not equal in width to Grasmere, but full of pretty inclosures, and watered with a Lake, on which a fine woody island arises.—We passed along the windings of this dale, till we reached the seat of Sir Michael Fleming,—an ancient mansion, standing on the opening of the dale, on the southern decline of the hills, which abound in wood land, and front to the Lake of WINDERMERE.—The ground before this seat is prettily diversified with irregular knots of trees, situate  
on



on natural eminences, and scattered with such agreeable wildness and irregularity, that they seemed to be the work of nature;—the interspaces between these knots of trees were mown in narrow meandering walks\*.—At the distance of half a mile, opposite to the house, are

Y

lofty

\* Camden says, “at the upper corner of Windermere  
 “ lieth the dead carcase, as one would say, of an an-  
 “ tient city, with great ruins of walls, and many heaps  
 “ of rubbish, one from another, remaining of buildings  
 “ yet apparent.—The fortress was oblong, fenced with  
 “ a ditch and rampart, for it took up in length one hun-  
 “ dred and thirty-two ells, and in breadth eighty;—  
 “ that it had been Roman work is evident, by the British  
 “ brick, and mortar tempered with pieces of brick,  
 “ small earthen pots, cruets or phials of glass, by pieces  
 “ of Roman money frequently found there, by round  
 “ stones like to mill-stones, or quern-stones, of which  
 “ they formed their columns, and by the high roads  
 “ leading to it.—Now the ancient name is gone, unless  
 “ one should surmise that it were Amboglana, of which  
 “ the Book of Notices makes mention, especially as the  
 “ modern name is Ambleside.”



lofty rocks and hanging woods of oak, which form the channel of the river that feeds the Lake.

AMBLESIDE is situate on the swift decline of a hill, over which many high mountains arise towards the north.—The first appearance of our inn induced us to apprehend we should hasten our departure; but the assiduous desire of pleasing shewn in the conduct of the people counterbalanced their deficiencies.—Here we met with a gentleman, Mr Penney, of Penney-bridge, who was conversant with every curiosity in this country; his polite and genteel behaviour rendered our stay at Ambleside very agreeable.—By this gentleman's directions his servant conducted us about a mile up the woody declivity of the hill behind the inn, where we saw a most amazing cascade, totally different from any thing we had  
met

met with upon our tour.—Making so great an ascent, and not having reached a third of the height of this eminence, it might be supposed that when we gained the view it would be something extraordinary.—The rushing of the waters in the fall sounded through the wood as we approached it, and seemed at once as if it was bursting over our heads, and tumbling beneath our feet;—this was soon reconciled, for in a few steps we perceived ourselves to be upon the summit of a cliff, which overhung the channel of the stream, where an old oak suspended his romantic boughs over the precipice;—this was the only opening of the wood, or situation, where we could look into this tremendous gulph.—The river which falls here arises on the very height of the mountains, and flows in a very confined channel through an opening of rocks, the edges of which were

grown with stately trees, and thronged with thickets of hazel, birch, and holley. —We could look upwards from the place where we stood for about one hundred perpendicular yards, where we saw the river in two streams pouring through the trees ;—about the mid-way it united, and was again broken by a craggy rock grown with fern and brushwood, which threw it into two branches, foaming and making a horrid noise ; but it soon united again, and from thence precipitated into a deep and dreary gulph for above sixty yards below the cliff on which we stood, from whence it tumbled from rock to rock, and dashed through a rough and craggy channel down to the town of Ambleside with a mighty sound, which shook the air so as to give a sensible agitation to the nerves, like the effect of a thunder-clap ;—the whiteness of the fretting waters was beautifully contrasted by the  
the

the black rocks which formed their passage.—It was almost impossible for the steadiest eye to look upon this waterfall without giddiness.—Its beauties for a painter were noble and various; the wood which hung upon the rocks over the stream was of mixed hues, the trees projecting from each precipice knotty and grotesque, the cliffs were black and fringed with ivy and fern, which gave a singular lustre to the waterfall.—No fancy could exceed the happy assemblage of objects which rendered this view picturesque.

The traces of Ambleside's antiquity are not now to be found;—the inhabitants have not preserved any of the Roman monuments which were formerly discovered here,

From

From Ambleside we went to BOWNAS, a small village on the shore of the Lake of WINDERMERE; this was a delightful ride, lying within a little distance of the water, which was opened to our view as we past through various turnings of the road;—the sides of the way are ornamented with woods, meadows, and pasture ground.

—The owner of the White Lion Inn, at Bownas, has a boat on the Lake, with which we were accommodated.—This Lake is very different from those we had seen in Cumberland, being in length about twelve computed miles, and not a mile in width in the broadest part;—the hills seen around the Lake, except those above Ambleside, are humble;—the margin of the water is irregular and indented, and every where composed of cultivated lands,

lands, woods, and pastures, which descend with an easy fall into the Lake, forming a multitude of bays and promontories, and giving it the appearance of a large river; in the narrowest parts not unlike to the Thames below Richmond.— On that part where Furness Fell forms the shore, the scene is more rude and romantic.—The western side of this Lake is in Lancashire, the eastern in Westmoreland.

As we sailed down the Lake from Bownas, we had two views which comprehended all its beauties;—we rested upon the oars in a situation, where looking down the Lake, we took into the prospect the greatest extent of water; — the shore was indented by woody promontories, which shot into the Lake on each side to a considerable distance;—to the right were the hills of Furness Fell, which are the highest that arise immediately from  
the



the water, consisting chiefly of rocks, which though not rugged and deformed, have their peculiar beauty, being scattered over with trees and shrubs, each of which grows separate and distant;—the brow of this rock overlooks a pretty peninsula, on which the ferryboat-house stands, concealing its white front in a grove of sycamores. —Whilst we were looking on it, the boat was upon its way, with several horse passengers, which greatly graced the scene;—to the left a small island, of a circular form, lay covered with a thicket of ash and birch wood; beyond which, the hills that arose from the Lake in gentle ascents to the right were covered with rich herbage, and irregular groves;—on the left side of the Lake inclosures of meadow, sweeping gently away from the water, lay bounded by a vast tract of woods, and overtopped



topped with hills of moorish ground and heath ;—the most distant heights which formed the back ground, were fringed with groves, over which they lifted their brown eminences, in various shapes.

—Upwards on the Lake, we looked on a large island of about thirty acres, of meagre pasture ground, in an irregular oblong figure; — here and there some misshapen oak trees bend their crooked branches on the sandy brinks, and one little grove of sycamores shelters a cottage.

—The few natural beauties of this island are wounded and distorted by some ugly rows of firs set in right lines, and by the works now carrying on by Mr English, the proprietor, who is laying out gardens on a square plan, building fruit walls; and preparing to erect a mansion-house there.—The want of taste is a misfortune

too often attending the opulent;—the romantic scite of this place, on so noble a Lake, and surrounded with such scenes, asked for the finest imagination to have designed the plan of an edifice and pleasure grounds;—but instead of that to see a Dutch Burgomaster's palace arise on this place, to see a cabbage garth extend its bosom to the east, squared and cut out at right angles, is so offensive to the eye of the traveller, that he turns away with disgust.—For pleasure, or for ornament, a narrow foot path is cut round the margin of the island, and laid with white sand, resembling the dusty paths of foot passengers over Stepney fields, or the way along which the owner often has heyed to Hackney.

I would overlook this misshapen object, whilst I viewed the Lake upwards, with its environs;—the beautiful crags of Furness

ness Fell, over which trees are dispersed in an agreeable wildness, form the front ground on the left, and by their projection cover the hills, which are further advanced towards the head of the Lake, which makes a curve bearing from the eye;—three small woody islands, of a fine circular figure, and swelling to a crown in their centres, arise from out the Lake; with the deep verdure of their trees, giving an agreeable tint to the azure hue the water received from reflection of the serene sky above; — over an expanse of water of the length of six miles, and near a mile in breadth, shining and bright as a mirror, we viewed the agreeable variety of the adjacent country:—to the right wood lands and meadows, in many little peninsulas and promontories, descended with easy slopes to the brink of the Lake, where we viewed Bownas church, and its cottages,

arising above the trees; beyond which laid the seat of Fletcher Fleming, Esq; situate on the brink of the Lake, and covered on every side with rich wood land;—further were cots and villages dispersed on the rising ground;—in the front stood Ambleside, and at the opening of the deep vale of Rydale the house of Sir Michael Fleming, shielded on either hand by a wing of hanging forests, climbing up the steeps of the mountains.—The nearest back ground to the right is composed of an eminence called ORREST-HEAD, rising gradually to a point, and cultivated to its crown, which sweet mount is contrasted by the vicinage of the crags of BISCOT-HOE, which overtop the extensive wood lands of Mr Fleming;—then TROUTBECK PARKS arise where the hills begin to encrease in magnitude, and form the range of mountains which are extended to Keswick, diversified with  
pas-

pasturage, dells, and cliffs; looking over which LANGDON PIKES, three mountains rising in perfect cones, extend their heads, surmounted only by the rocky and barren brow of KIRSTONE FELL, whose cliffs overlook the whole.

The Lake of WINDERMERE differs very much from those of HULLS-WATER and KESWICK;—here almost every object in view, on the whole Lake confesses cultivation;—the islands are numerous, but small and woody, and rather bear a resemblance to the artificial circles raised on gentlemen's ponds for their swans.--The great island is little better than a bank of sand, but is now under the spoiling hand of a deformer.—The innumerable promontories are composed of fine meadow ground, and ranges of trees;—the hills except Furness Fell, and those above  
Am-



Ambleſide, are tame; and on every hand a vaſt expanſe of wood land is ſtretched upon the view.—The painters of *POUSIN* deſcribe the nobleneſs of *HULLS-WATER*; —the works of *SALVATOR ROSA* expreſs the romantic and rocky ſcenes of *KESWICK*; — and the tender and elegant touches of *CLAUDE LORRAINE*, and *SMITH*, pencil forth the rich variety of *WINDERMERE*.

The greateſt depth of Windermere, we were told, was not more than forty fathom; the water abounds in pike, trout, char, eels, and perch.—The Lake whiſt we viſited it was covered with the boats of fiſhing parties; it being customary for the country people, after their hay harveſt, to make their days of jubilee in that diverſion.

In the church of Bownas is a window  
of

of painted glass, which was preserved at the dissolution of Furness abbey, and brought hither;—the present remains shew that it has contained very fine colouring in its former state;—the arms of France and England quartered, are well preserved at the top of the window.—The design is a crucifixion, in figures as large as life; by the hands, feet, and parts remaining, it seems to have been of singular beauty.—On the dexter side of the crucifixion is St George slaying the dragon, on the sinister the Virgin Mary; an uncouth assemblage.—Beneath are the figures of a knight and his lady kneeling, before whom are a group of kneeling monks; over whose heads are wrote W. Hartley, Tho. Honson, and other names, by the breaking of the glass rendered not legible.



—Furness abbey was dedicated to St Mary, to whom also Bownas is inscribed.

We went from Windermere to Kendal \*;—the road lies chiefly over barren  
and

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\* Camden writes, “ that the southern part of this  
“ shire, inclosed between the river Lune and Winder-  
“ mere, is said to be fruitful in the valleys, but the  
“ fells are rough and full of stony ground, with rocks  
“ which bear no kind of herbage; it is called the ba-  
“ rony of Kendale, or Candale, taking its name from  
“ the river Can, which runs through it over a rocky  
“ channel.—On the west bank of this river stands Ken-  
“ dale, a town of very great trade and resort, formed  
“ by two large streets crossing each other;—this is a  
“ place famed for excellent cloathing, and for its re-  
“ markable industry;—the inhabitants carry forward  
“ an extensive trade for woollen goods, known in all  
“ parts of England.—They boast that this place hath  
“ given title to Barons and Earls;—their Barons were  
“ the offspring of John Talboys, of whose race, Wil-  
“ liam, by consent of King Henry the Second, called  
“ himself William of Lancaster; whose niece and heir  
“ married Gilbert the son of Roger Fits Raniford, by  
“ whose

and rocky hills, without change or variety to afford any pleasure to the traveller. Towards the right, in the course of the way, appeared two openings which

A a shewed

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“ whose daughters (after her son William was dead)  
 “ the inheritance descended to Peter Brus, Lord of  
 “ Skelton, the second of that surname, and unto Wil-  
 “ liam Lindfay; from whom, by the mother’s side, as  
 “ we learn out of the Leiger Book of Furnesse Abby,  
 “ Ingeham, Lord of Coney, in France, traced his de-  
 “ scent; by which Peter Brus’s daughter, the sister and  
 “ heir of Peter Brus the third, came this Baronie to the  
 “ Rosses of Wreke; and from them by right of inheri-  
 “ tance devolved upon the Parrs; of whom Sir Wil-  
 “ liam Parr was made Lord Parr, by King Henry the  
 “ Eighth.—As for the castle, the antient seat of these  
 “ Lords, standing over against the town, through age  
 “ and neglect it is falling to decay.—There have been  
 “ three Earls of Kendale; John Duke of Bedford was  
 “ advanced to that honor by his brother King Henry  
 “ the Fifth;—John Duke of Somerset;—and John de  
 “ Foix, of that most noble and honourable family of the  
 “ Foix in France, whom King Henry the Sixth, for his  
 “ faithful service in the French wars preferred to that  
 “ dignity.”

shewed to us a small bay of the sea ; but these without any degree of beauty.

—We descended to the town of Kendal, rejoiced to change the prospect from barrenness and waste to a rich cultivated vale, and a town thronged with industrious inhabitants, busied in a prosperous manufactory.

KENDAL stands on the side of a hill, facing to the east ;—as we looked over the buildings from the heights which we were descending, we had a view of the ruins of Kendal Castle, seated on the crown of a fine eminence, at the distance of half a mile from the town, and separated from it by the river Kan, over which two stone bridges are thrown.—The castle is now totally in decay, and scarce gives any idea by its present appearance

pearance of its ancient strength and grandeur.—On the front opposite to the town the remains of bastions are seen, at the south east and north west corners, whilst all behind consists of confused and ragged walls.—The whole has formed a square, defended by a ditch.

Above the town of Kendal, immediately opposite to the castle, is a mole of a very singular form called by the inhabitants CASTLE LAW HILL.—Above the town some rocks shew themselves of the height of seven fathom or near it, on which a mount has been thrown up of gravel and earth, of an exact circular form, arising from the plane on the top of the rock, near thirty feet;—at the front adjoining to the town, is a spacious level, on part of which a bowling green is now made.—The mole is defended by a deep ditch which extends itself from the brink

of the rocks, and on the right and left, the plane is fortified by an inferior mole or mount\*.

—The crown of the great mole is flat, and has been defended by a breast work of earth and a narrow ditch; and from east to west a ditch is struck through the centre.—The whole circumference of the crown is sixty-one paces;—the account given by the inhabitants of this place, is

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\* This hill, though it is much inferior to that described near Penrith, called Maybrough, or Maleberge, and differing from it in many circumstances, such as the vallum of pebbles, the surrounding groves, and druidical pillar, yet appeared to us to be one of the antient parle hills, of which the learned Spelman gives us this description:—"Collis vallo plerumq; munitus, in loco campestri, ne insidius exponatur, ubi convenire olim solebant centuriæ aut viciniæ inculæ ad lites inter se tractandas & terminandas. Scotis reor' : grith hail q; mons pacificationis cui asyli privilegia concedebantur." See Maybrough, page 86.

is that it was cast up for battering the castle;—but for this purpose there was no need of so laborious a work; it being also much above the level of the castle, opposite to which many natural eminences might serve for that end.

We passed from Kendal to BARROW-BRIDGE, a single house, situate in a very narrow deep valley, hemmed in on every side by mountains covered with verdure;—a fine stream serpentine through the vale, and here and there little cottages are dispersed, with scanty inclosures of meadow ground; over which hangs a narrow wood, from the rising of the hills;—shut in on every side, this is a place calculated for the most solemn retirement;—in winter, the rays of the sun for several weeks do not touch the vale, but only gild the mountains; along whose sides the opposite land sends an extensive



tenfive shadow, whose gradations are daily marked by the watchful eye of the peasant, longing for returning vegetation.

—Here might the recluse enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and sacrifice to virtue;—here might he avoid the sins of the world, and commune with his own soul;—and whilst commenting on the wonderful scene before him,

— “ Look through nature, up to nature’s God \*.

We walked along the banks of the brook that murmured through the pebbles,—we strayed over the little meads;—we fauntered in every grove, charmed with the deepness of the retirement.—The pleasures of the scene were enhanced to me by my recollection of past felicity, which I had enjoyed from an evening  
ramble

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\* Pope.



ramble in these sequestered walks.—Ideas flowed upon my mind replete with delicate sentiments, whilst images of a happy complexion possessed reflection, and presented to me my family and my beloved infants.—Joy and affection melted my whole soul, and involuntary tears took the silent expression of my tenderness and transport !

Lost in selfishness, I have trespassed upon my reader, and covered a page with impropriety: I hope the digression may be pardoned.

From hence we continued our rout to KIRBY STEPHEN, near which place we visited the ruins of PENDRAGON CASTLE \*; of which the remains of a square tower

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\* Camden says, “ among those hills that famous river  
“ Eden, which Ptolemy called Huna, arising in York-  
“ shire,

tower only are left, and that most probably of a modern date: For this place was repaired, after it had laid in ruins for near two centuries, by the Countess of Pembroke, about the time she had restored Brough.—The situation of this place, being in a deep dell, on every hand overlooked by mountains, from whence it might be annoyed, shews it never could be built as a place of strength, but rather as a retreat, and place of concealment in times of danger.—Opposite to this place, on the other side of the dell, is a small intrenchment, fortified by a ditch

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“shire, where he flows in a narrow stream, encreasing  
 “by degrees from various rivulets, passeth by Pendragon  
 “Castle, which hath nothing remaining from the wasting  
 “hand of time but merely its name, and an heap of  
 “ruins; and thence flows by Wharton Hall, the seat of  
 “the Barons Wharton, of whom the first was Sir  
 “Thomas Wharton, advanced to that dignity by King  
 “Henry the Eighth, to whom succeeded his son of the  
 “same name, and after him Philip then living.”

ditch and vallum, but of what date or people no account can be obtained.—The Prince Euter Pendragon is of doubtful existence, but is said to have died by treachery, and poison put in a well, in the year five hundred and fifteen.

We passed by the ancient seat of the Wharton family, in WHARTON PARKS, now in decay.—Melancholy reflections arise on such a view, when the traveller must necessarily exclaim, with a sigh, “such are the effects of dissipation and “vice!”

T H E E N D.

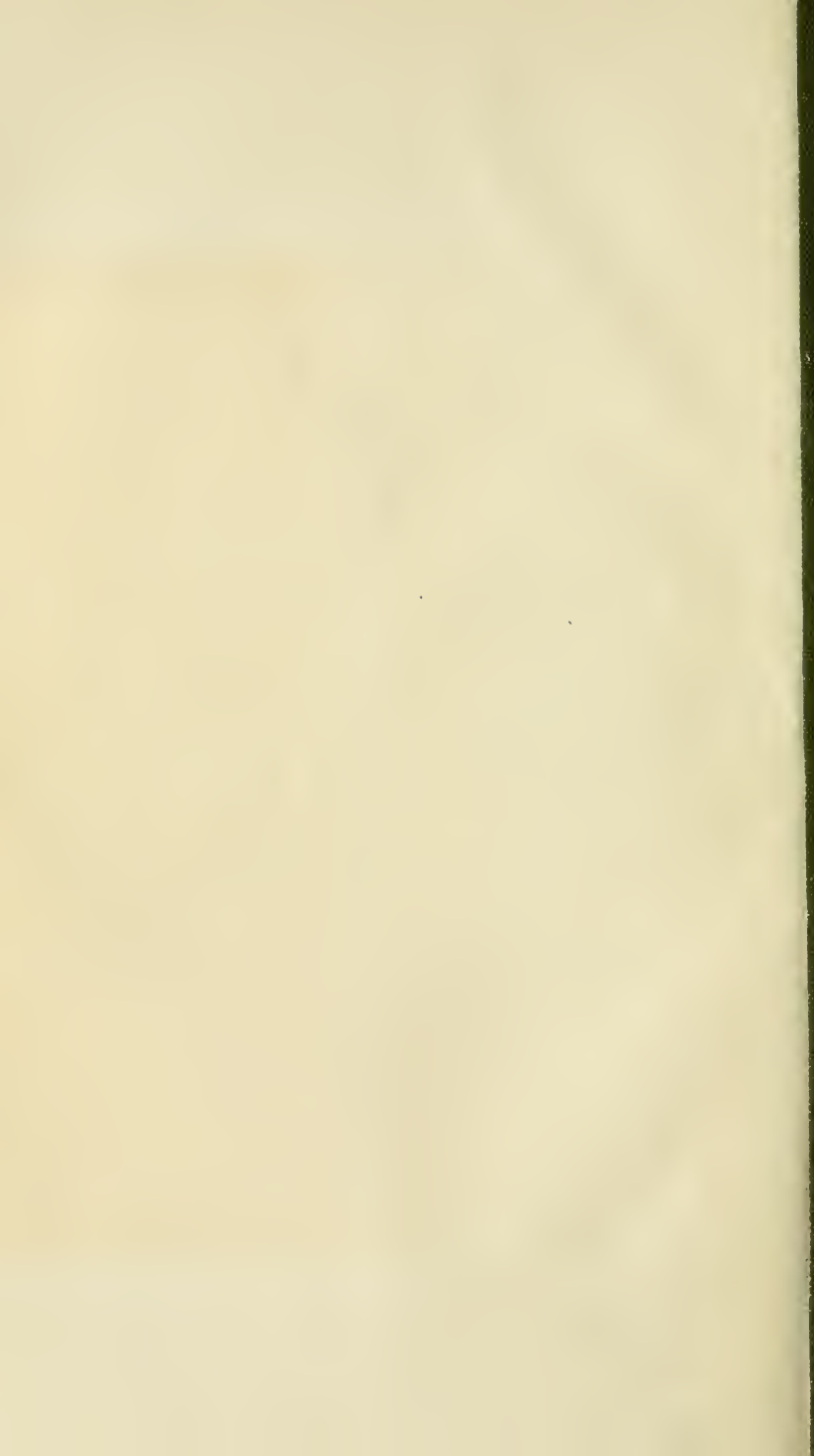












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